

The Life of

The Last Earl of Stirling :

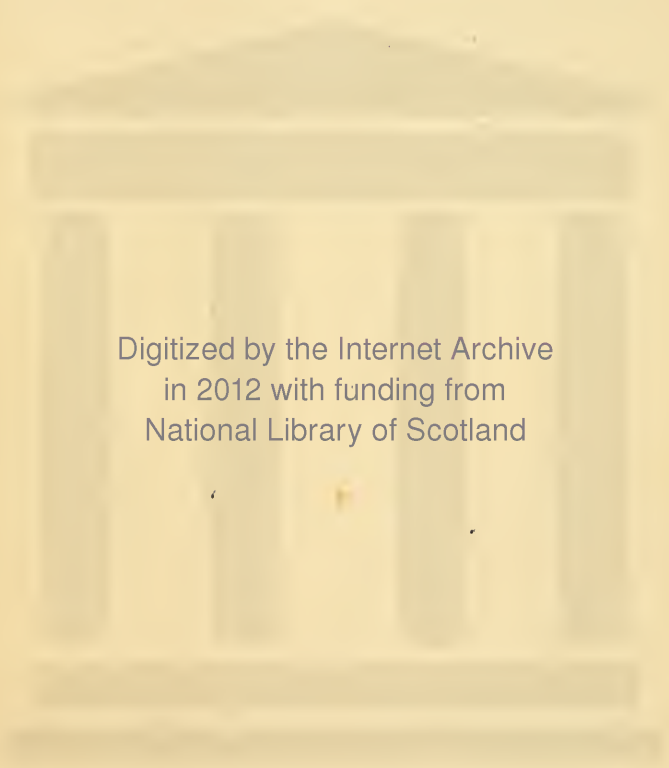
Gentleman,
Prisoner of War,
Scottish Peer,
and Exile.

By Joseph Babington Macaulay.

153.f
National Library of Scotland



B000347443

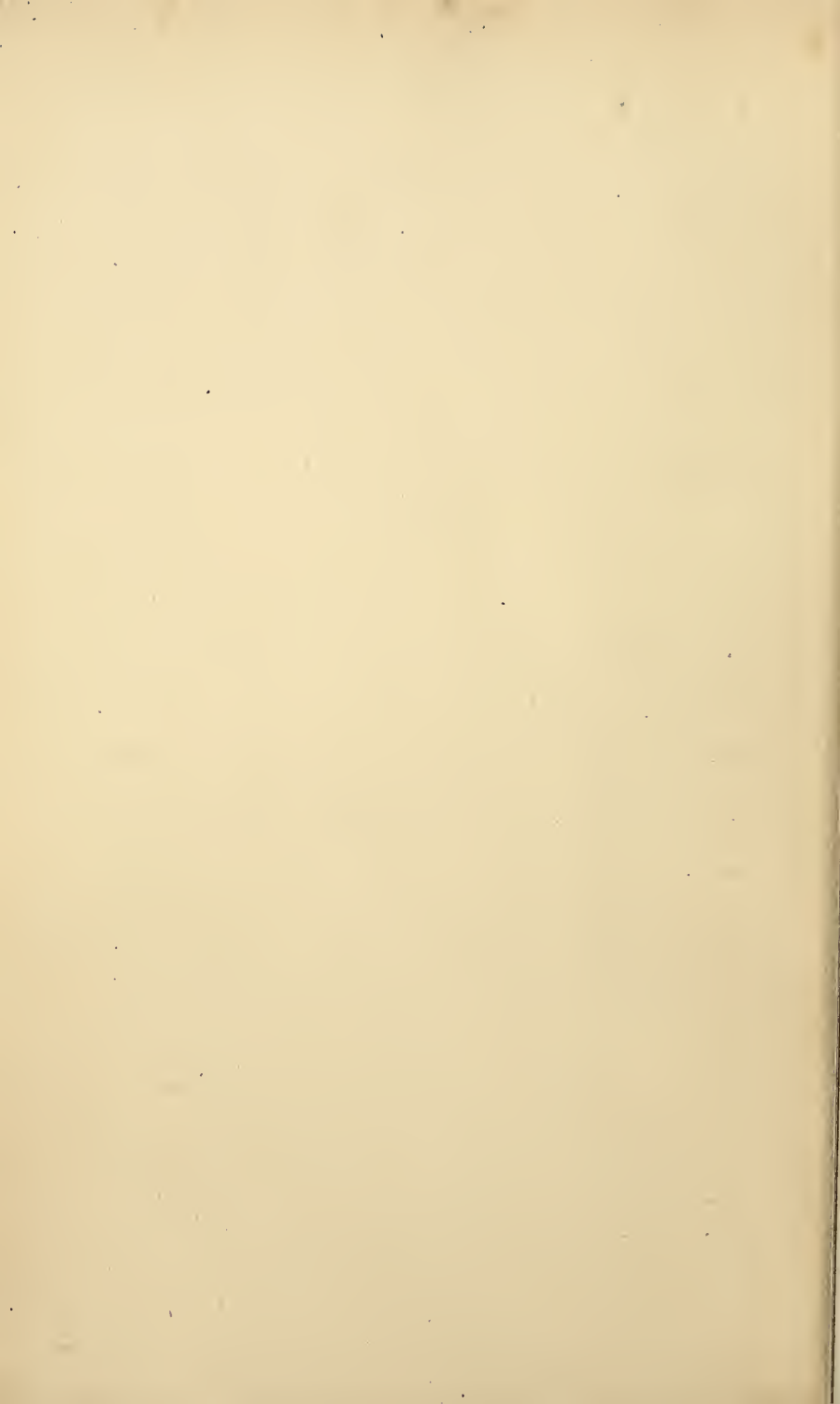


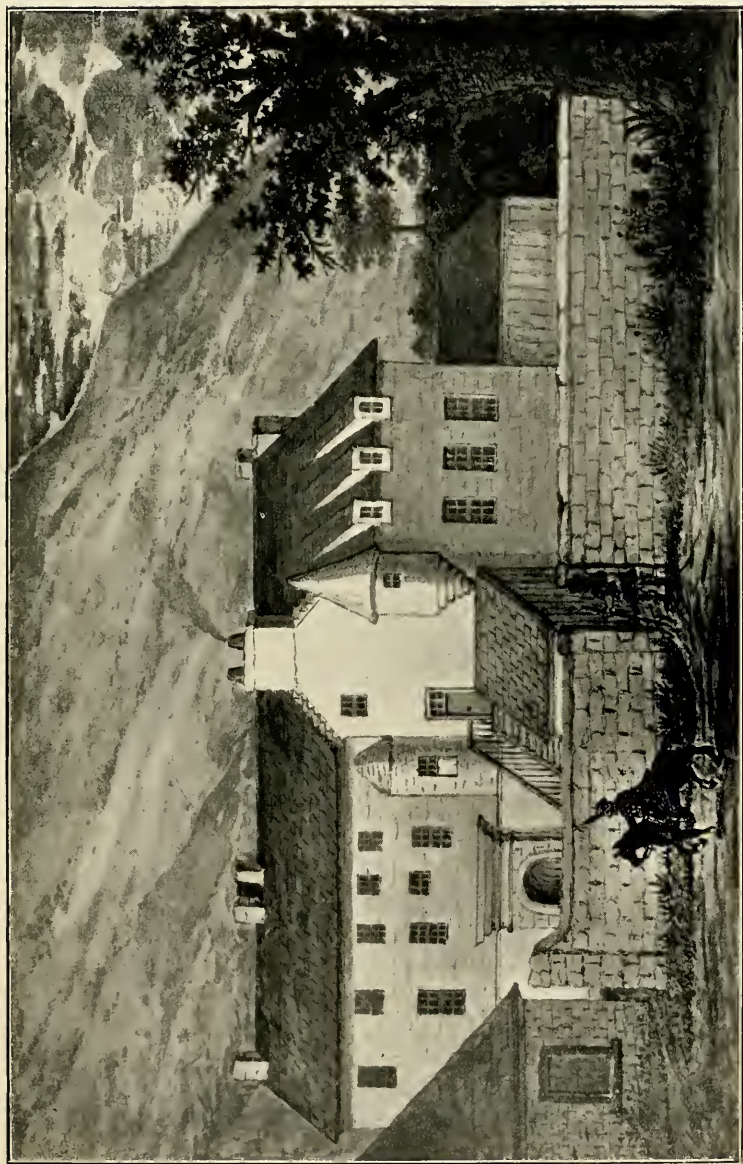
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
National Library of Scotland



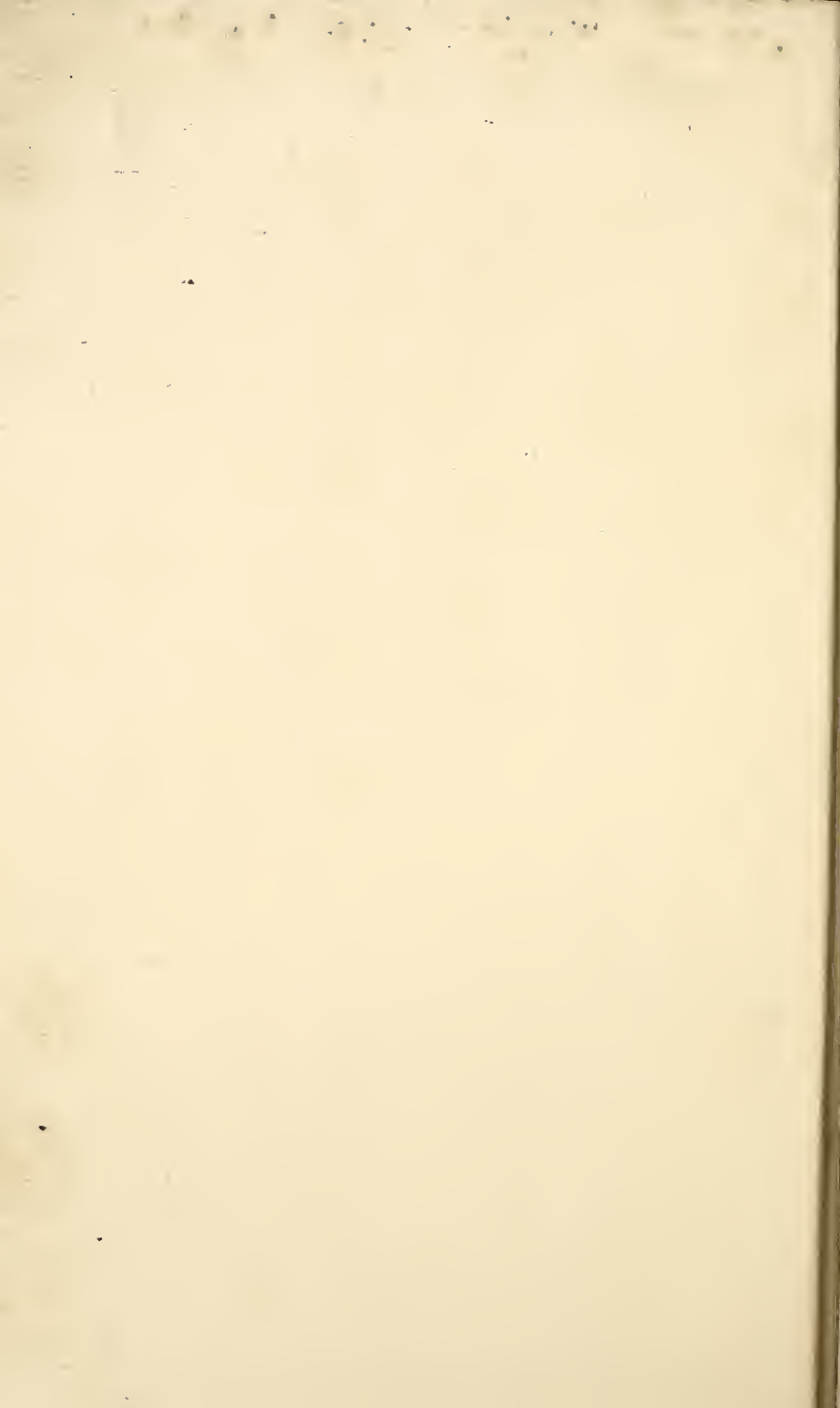
DEDICATION.

TO THE PEERS OF SCOTLAND IS DEDICATED
THIS MEMOIR OF ONE WHO, HAD AMBITION BEEN
MODERATE AND HIS RIGHTS FULLY PROVEN,
WOULD HAVE RESTED AN ORNAMENT TO THEIR
AUGUST BODY, AND A CONGENIAL COMPANION TO
ALL.





REMAINS OF MENSTRIE HOUSE—ancient seat of the Alexanders. Destroyed by the Covenanters under the Marquis of Argyle during the Civil War. Facsimile from sketch by Lord Stirling.



THE LIFE
OF THE LAST
EARL OF STIRLING,
GENTLEMAN, PRISONER OF WAR,
SCOTTISH PEER, AND EXILE,

With extracts from his original manuscripts and sketches

BY
JOSEPH BABINGTON MACAULAY,

Author of "GUIDE TO PRECELLY," &c.

PAIGNTON:
PUBLISHED BY W. A. AXWORTHY, TORBAY PRINTING WORKS.

1906.

“ Ere it we can call com'd, that which is past, . . .
. . . slowly I pursue.

Since without hope to reach, though following fast,
That which (like lightning) quickly scapes the view.”

From Recreations of the Muses (The third houre canto 48)

by William Earle of Stirline

London 1637.

THE LIFE

OF THE

LAST EARL OF STIRLING.

BOOK I.—“GENTLEMAN.”

Amongst the numerous descendants of Rys Griffin, Prince of South Wales, there flourished, in the dark ages, one Humph-Rys, a Welsh Knight and Crusader. This warrior followed the fortunes of Strongbow to the land of his usurpation. His descendants gradually accumulated property in many parts of the Emerald Isle. His lineal descendant Humphreys or Humphrey married Lady Arabella Clinton, sister of the Earl of Lincoln, and his sons were patriarchs of the Humphreys of Dunard and Hollywood in Wicklôw ; Portleman, Knockandara, and Queen's County, which latter branch continued the original method of spelling the name “Humphrys.”

The junior scion of this family, having embraced the reformed faith, became separated from his family and friends, and cut off by his father. He fled to England, and in the year 1689 was already established in Warwickshire. From slender resources Humphrys gradually amassed considerable wealth, and founded a commercial house, trading with the Levant and various Mediterranean ports, the business of which extended materially in the hands of his son, John Humphrys. This gentleman died in 1772, having married Miss Rogers, whose son continued the enterprise and was the possessor of many vessels of considerable tonnage. He married Miss Sarah Russell, said to be of the Bedford family, and she bore him three sons, namely, Joshua, a captain in the army, who died in Garrison at Dublin ; William, of Digbith House, Birmingham ; and George, who, conjointly with William, expanded even more successfully the business of their sires. George inherited Sparkbrook House, and his brother William eventually removed to a noble country mansion, replete with every comfort, called “The Larches.”

Thus we see the family of Humphrys fully established after a few minor vicissitudes incidental to the middle classes and landed gentry of these islands. Besides being men of wealth and substance, both brothers betrayed a refined taste in all the elegancies of life. To be more particular, George excelled in works of art gathered from many lands, columns and marble curios wherewith to adorn his house; while William became a landscape gardener of no mean order, and also shewed no less good taste in the choice of a wife—the highly accomplished and elegant daughter of a lady then recently arrived from Ireland—the widow of the Rev. John Alexander—who at first resided at Chadwick—a delightful country estate near Bromsgrove. This was the property of her brother, Joseph Higgs, a medical man, whose ancestors, particularly the Dean of Lichfield, had suffered as ejected ministers in the troublous times of the Stuarts. Mrs. Alexander's means were too straitened to justify her in maintaining a country residence in a style befitting its character; she moved, therefore, to a small house in Birmingham, not far distant from the neighbourhood of the Humphrys. By all accounts she was reserved to a degree as to her private affairs, and very exclusive in her choice of acquaintances; but in the presence of those whose society she affected, Mrs. Alexander unbent to an extent which charmed and gratified the small circle in which she moved, and with none did she encourage closer intimacy than with the Humphrys, whose delight it was to be numbered amongst her intimates, and to whom she confided that her husband, though never appearing as claimant, had been entitled to all the rights of the great Earl of Stirling, friend of James the First, and which rights she averred were now transmitted to her children; for her late husband, though dreading any increased expense in prosecuting an action and taking legal proceedings, to say nothing of his ministry, which occupied the major part of his time, had nevertheless in justice to his children gathered sufficient evidence to substantiate his claims whenever it should be thought advisable to advance them.

Meantime the "field of action thus left open had been occupied" by an American of the same name; but, after a good deal of juggling with deeds and documents, and by reason of tacking on his claims to faulty descents and from persons proved to have died without issue, the whole case broke down before the Committee of Privileges. The claimant retired to America after committing great havoc amongst registers and other records to stifle the links which connected the Alexander of our story with that of the great Earl.

The documents bequeathed to Mrs. Alexander had been carefully locked up in a large family chest, within which was a deed chest containing besides the family papers, a quantity of coins. These treasures were rarely visited, but nevertheless excited the cupidity of some thief, who, it was supposed broke open the door and secured the treasure, including an ancient charter and a family tree upon an "immense roll of vellum, splendidly emblazoned round the border and on other vacant places with the arms of the family and connexions." On one occasion Mrs. Alexander and her family were about to examine and display it to their friends when "loud exclamations were almost immediately heard, and the old box, or more correctly the family deed chest containing the most valuable documents had been carried away. . . . The deep wide drawer of the piece of furniture, in which the pedigree and other documents of too large a size for the chest were kept rolled up together, was found empty and the lock wrenched off."

Great consternation prevailed in the little circle. It might perhaps have been as well for the Humphrys family if the Alexanders had then accepted the position and allowed all the documents to go into oblivion, and their claims to greatness to relapse; but the blood was up. The son—who considered himself a Peer of Scotland *de jure*—took up the cudgels with great ardour, and retrod the ground so recently travelled over by his defeated rival, General Alexander. And here it may be as well to say that many years later, when another generation was struggling to reassert the dormant rights, a parcel containing a few of the missing documents was, all mysteriously, sent to the representatives of the family, but some of the most valuable never reappeared.

Mrs. Alexander had two sons and two daughters. The eldest son John, a minister of religion, was an author of some repute, particularly on account of some satires in *The Library* (periodical); also a widely distributed paragraph on the 15th chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians and other works in quarto which were published after his death. He occupied his spare time for a while in endeavouring to obviate the manifest disadvantages under which he and his were labouring. But his task was too onerous even for his great talents, and his very first difficulty occurred in discovering that the inscription over the tomb of his own grandfather had been removed, an act which the family journal attributed to the unsuccessful claimant before mentioned. His progress became more and more arduous, particularly in the year of his death. He at the same time discharged all his ministerial

duties conscientiously and regularly. On the evening of the 28th of December, 1765, he finished a very beautiful and affecting sermon on death, little dreaming that during the ensuing early hours he should himself pass from death to life eternal. One of his faithful and attached friends composed the following epitaph :—" Sacred to the memory of the Rev. John Alexander, who was eminently distinguished for a christian, scholar and divine, though cut off in his 30th year. He was born January 26th, 1736 ; died December 29th, 1765. Learn reader that honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years ; but wisdom is the grey hair, and an unspotted life is old age."

Benjamin Alexander, the surviving brother, had been carefully prepared for the medical profession by his uncle, Josiah Higgs, and in his subsequent career in London, was engaged in a copious medical treatise, translated with valuable additions by himself. His labour on this great work was too arduous and exhaustive. He threw himself into a violent fever, the ravages of which hurried him into his tomb just as the prospect of success in recovering his father's papers was daily improving. "Thus perished the last male heir to the illustrious founder of those vast and prosperous colonies, Nova Scotia and Canada. Benjamin died on the 18th April, 1768, and his afflicted mother survived him only till the 5th of October in the same year."

These lamented occurrences postponed till the 26th of September in the following year the nuptials of Hannah Alexander and William Humphrys ; and then commenced a blissful union which bade fair to increase in happiness to a ripe old age. The issue of this marriage was three sons and five daughters, but only three of that number lived to attain their majority.

Alexander, the 8th and youngest child of his parents, was born on the 21st of June, 1783, a year of high hopes and stupendous events following on the most gigantic struggles in which England had ever been engaged.

Had the good fairies assembled at the birth of Alexander Humphrys with gifts of talent and benediction, they would have graced him, and truly, with nearly all the virtues. They might have endowed him with a fine sensibility, an unruffled temper, together with the patience under difficulties of a saint. They might without much perspicuity have prophesied for him pleasant paths and prosperous surroundings, accompanied by a rich store of blessings for the bonny bairn : but would they not have shuddered at the dark slowly intervening form, barely distinguished through a chilling mist, decorated with

a badge of strange device and picked out in colour of lurid red? No record of the discordant Phantom was kept, and the child was marshalled into the very lap of luxury from his birth, to be the pride and joy of his father's house.

An observant child, blessed with a retentive memory which never failed him throughout the mutations and vicissitudes of his chequered life, Alexander Humphrys developed in mind and body with marvellous rapidity, and his recollections, written seventy years after, of events both trivial and great, which occurred during his childhood, were as vivid as if he had witnessed them but a week before, and it is from his own reminiscences, written at an advanced age when in exile, that we draw all the information we are trying to impart.

It will be remembered that the decade, commencing with the "Gordon Riots," was one of great turbulence and unrest. Readers of Jesse's, George III., and other contemporary works will hardly dream of questioning the accuracy of young Humphrys' impressions when the celebrated "Church and King" Riots occurred in Birmingham on the 14th July, 1791, in consequence of an injudicious public dinner to express sympathy with the dawning Republic of France and satisfaction at the downfall of her tyrannical throne.

The brothers Humphrys, William and George, though in other respects united, did not agree in politics. George Humphrys, discarding the prudent counsel of his brother, took part in the prandial ebullition, which challenged the "loyal party" to retaliatory measures, and found out to his cost that the tools he played with would hardly render him invulnerable to the attacks of his opponents.

All the guests dispersed. His sons contrived to secure their retreat by hailing the family coach and returning home. He himself secured a hackney coach to Spark Brook House, which, however, was soon pulled about his ears, and whence he retired with all his family and servants to the country. The loyal mob then proceeded to devastate the noble pile, "breaking down the white marble staircase in the principal hall, splintering with crow-bars and hammers Sienna marble columns and chimney pieces, splitting mahogany doors and destroying pictures."

Curiously enough the crowd, who thus treated the belongings of one brother, singularly spared the person of the other: William Humphrys "boldly rode into town on the 15th and passed through the largest mob yet collected, . . . and so well known to them was he on account of his loyal sentiments and proverbial charity to the poor that on his approaching the crowd, they waved their hats and

“cheered him, opening right and left a wide space for him “to pass through.” No persuasion, however, could stay the vindictive band. They destroyed one of his homes called Fair Hill (then tenanted by the celebrated Philosopher, Dr. Priestly), two chapels, “Mr. Ryland’s elegant mansion, “built originally by the celebrated Baskerville, the printer. “Mr. Hutton, the Historian of Birmingham, also suffered, his residence falling a prey to the mob.” The narrative continues :—“Outside the town, and some miles in the country we saw the shell of Mosley Hall, seat of the Countess Dowager of Carhampton, and the still smoking ruins of Showell, the seat of our cousin, Mr. Russell,” then Bordesley Hall, Mr. Taylor’s own seat, which, with “its splendid furniture, was burned and presented a remarkable ruin visible from two mail roads into the town.”

The compensation awarded to Mr. William Humphrys for his share of the losses consequent on these riots was comparatively small, nevertheless he re-built Fair Hill and called it “The Larches.” A very interesting sketch of this place has been preserved.

Circumstances on the Continent compelled William Humphrys to retire to Cheltenham in 1798, in which year the family journal describes many notables as being in evidence there—“Mrs. Leigh, of Stoneleigh, with her six long-tailed “black horses ; Mrs. FitzHerbert making great display with “the Royal crimson livery, &c. ; The Earl of Fanconburg “(last of that title), residing with handsome daughters at “Boy’s Hill Lodge, near the old avenue ; Lord Lavington “(a title which died with him), formerly a fireman in the West “Indies, who, dressed in a military sort of blue coat, carried “invariably the Star of the Order of the Bath on his left “breast ; the Earl of Landaff, his son, then Colonel, and “daughter, Lady Elizabeth ; Lord Axmanstoun and Northland ; “General Duboyne (whomyoung Humphrys subsequently met “in Paris), a wealthy nabob, possessed of an equipage comparing favourably with the best ; his travelling assortment “of gold and silver plate rivalled any that our richest and “proudest nobility possessed. The Yeomanry and Volunteers “contributed not a little at that period of general excitement, “when the threatened invasion by the French had covered “England with armed men, to enliven the place.”

When all the water drinkers had departed from Cheltenham, the permanent residents devoted themselves to sport, and the favourite resort in those days appears to have been a particular spot on the Cotswold Hills, where seven wells formed the Churn, the highest source of the river Thames. On one occasion Alexander Humphrys joined a mixed party

representative of all classes from squires and naval officers to plough boys and farmer's sons. The snow was very deep and in some places almost impassable. Young Humphrys in following a bird fell into a drift, and subsequently collapsed in the snow. By the united exertions of a Dr. Minster and his brother—a naval officer—his life was spared, but in the interim curious symptoms had prevailed. His jaw was distorted to such a pitch that he could not utter, and it took several hours before it could be coaxed back into its place by the kind-hearted doctor, who with his brother dragged him to Cheltenham through the snow. He was gradually warmed in his own house and occasional draughts of soothing medicine at length lulled him to sleep, and in a fortnight his skin peeled off in large scales, and after much friction and working of the joints with dumb bells, at length he was able to use his hands and feet. At this period "the London Mail Coach became so locked in a drift near a place called, 'I think,' Shipton, between Dowdeswell and North-leach, that all the strength of six horses with which it started was insufficient to draw it out of the hollow, where it had become fairly embedded. The coachman and one or more of the unfortunate passengers perished, as well as some of the horses. The guard, postilion, and one passenger, by mounting the leaders, continued to make their way back as far as Charlton Kings, or to reach, after struggling for hours against the furious storm of snow, some other place of shelter."

The Humphrys family afterwards removed to a place at Henwick, near Worcester, where they welcomed the new century, and lived comfortably till peace was finally concluded between England and France. It was then determined that Mr. Humphrys and his son Alexander should proceed to Paris in order to extricate some of their fortune from the hands of debtors. Several of these were dead, their executors hard to find, and the Revolution had embarrassed the survivors of the guillotine and other horrors.

Upwards of 120 French and Italian merchants and their representatives had to be interviewed, and more than £40,000 of bad debts had to be written off: other claims occupied many months, during which father and son were preparing vouchers and copying out numerous items of correspondence for the use of counsel and agents abroad. At length, when all arrangements were complete, places on the mail from Worcester were reserved, and on the 22nd of November, 1802, a parting from those dear ones—some of whom the travellers were destined never to see again in this world—was effected.

Passports having been procured at Lord Hawksbury's office and countersigned by the French Ambassador, Mr. Humphrys and his son commenced a stroll about the town with one of their Worcester friends—Mr. M—and the journal continues that “he—Mr. M—was as well known as any of the great personages he pointed out to us; the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester and several Peers nodded to him as we passed down St. James' Street, and when we turned into Pall Mall he directed our attention to the Prince of Wales, who was approaching at a short distance from us on horseback, followed by a groom in plain livery. His Royal Highness, on drawing near, stopped his horse close to the foot pavement and called Mr. M—to him, and after making some enquiries respecting us, addressed himself first to my father and then to myself in a very gracious manner about our intended visit to Paris, and after some further trifling remark as to the wisdom of taking advantage of the general peace to visit foreign countries, he dismissed us with a smile and courteous wave of the hands. The future King was at that period in the prime of life, and looked, even in his morning attire, uncommonly handsome, princely, and dignified. We also saw the well known narrow landau (holding only two persons) of the old Duke of Queensberry. Our time during the remainder of our stay in London was one unceasing round of gaiety, and on Sunday we attended Westminster Abbey in the morning, and in the evening the Chapel of the Foundling Hospital.”

After the usual adventures incidental to a journey by road, commencing at 7.30 in the evening (a restive horse, and broken trace), the travellers arrived at Dover two hours too late for the morning's packet. Then commenced so violent a gale that they were again delayed for three days, after which the voyage across the channel was concluded without mishap in three hours to Calais, staying at Dessins, where Sterne wrote “The Sentimental Journey.” A strong “Cabriolet de Voyage” was secured, and the journey to Paris was accomplished via. Montreul, Nouviou, Abbeville, Amiens (where the recent treaty of peace had been signed). Here a little time was expended in admiring the Gothic architecture, “rendered interesting to the travellers by its being the *chef d'œuvre* of our countrymen during the Regency of the Duke of Bedford.” Clermont and Chantilly were passed in turn, and several large châteaux which peeped out through the trees testified to the travellers that some at least of the possessions of the old régime had been spared. The last post from the stately Abbey of St. Denis and “La Poste Royale” (so called before the Revolution), “was travelled

with strong handsome white Norman horses, which whirled along at a slapping pace," the course and point of entry into Paris being altered by desire of the travellers to the exterior Boulevards and Barrière de l'Etoile in order to view the capital from its finest approach through the Champs Elysées.

Here is Alexander Humphrys' description of the postilion, "who at that period was dressed in a queer looking jacket with red cuffs, deep-coloured yellow leather breeches, boots as large as a good sized portmanteau, strengthened with iron hoops, into which he nimbly jumped, with shoes on his feet besides, his large cocked-hat with a monstrous tri-coloured cockade, his powdered or floured hair tied behind in a long queue, which kept springing up and thumping his back as his rough trotting horse jolted him along. The cords, in guise of harness, which tied the three wild looking animals that drew our cabriolet—nicknamed, one would say, 'post horses.' The sight altogether was so droll, so unlike anything we had ever seen in our lives before, that we at once worked ourselves into a cachinnating humor, which lasted inextinguishingly best part of the day."

As to the inhabitants en route he says:—"They are mostly shabbily dressed. The poor are poor indeed, and look so dirty, nay filthy, so sallow and wan that an involuntary shudder was my sensation when any of them came too close to me. The women wear no bonnets, but immense caps in the fashion of two or three centuries ago, large circular earrings, wooden shoes called sabots, which make a terrible clatter as they run along; generally a scarlet jerkin or body, with some dingy coloured striped petticoat. . . . The farming men, carters, waggoners, and the peasants generally, including boys, wore the cocked hat, the hair powdered and tied behind in a queue or knocker. . . . From the gentleman to the pig-driver the cocked hat and national cockade seemed to be a necessary part of the costume."

After one or two abortive attempts to make themselves comfortable in various parts of the capital, Mr. Humphrys and his son at length settled at the Hôtel de Bruxelles, near St. Denis, and occupying a suite of rooms overlooking a terrace and boulevard, continued in a situation whence they desired not to remove until the business which brought them to Paris should enable them to return to England. Luckily the mind of the philosopher dwelt in both, and to them the "past was beyond recall, the present but for the instant, and the future was in the hands of God," and of this future they were graciously permitted to take no thought.

BOOK II.—PRISONER OF WAR.

1803 to 1814.

Their extensive acquaintance with Parisian bankers enabled Mr. Humphrys to share with his son the entrée to nearly any salon, where the great people of the beau monde congregated ; consequently their leisure in Paris was most usefully and pleasurably employed in the best society. The well-known motto of the French Republic at that time contained three portentous concluding words, and the whole inscription ran :—

“ Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, Unité, Indivisibilité,
et La Mort.”

This startling announcement filled every vacant space ; the public buildings, especially their “ pediments and entablatures, also the few remaining Churches, the Convents and all gateways, streets and gable ends.” The lower-middle classes, besides adopting such superscription in their dwelling-houses, was universally given to the “ tu toiement ” which did not fail to aggravate Mr. Humphrys, who elicited an only reply to several of his enquiries “ Ne te fâche pas citoyen !”

One particularly offensive individual, who burst into Mr. Humphrys’ room, was dressed in a “ blue surtout, white inexpressibles, flaming red waistcoat with a large cockade in his three-cornered hat—he was ‘ tricolore ’ from top to toe, the very type of Republicanism.”

Many were the scenes described in the son’s journal which, did space permit, would show how little the parvenus, bourgeoisie, and Jacobins anticipated events with which this period was pregnant. . . . Afterwards, when Napoleon the Great, from being First Consul, became Emperor of France, another song had to be sung, and then such sentiments as are expressed above would have been tantamount to high treason. But we anticipate.

Meanwhile as First Consul Napoleon encouraged every sort of amusement. The promenade of Long Champs was never better attended, and balls and carnivals followed each

other with great rapidity. Gambling was rampant, and such enormous individual gains were made in the great Paris Lottery that the Government were at length obliged to stop it. In fact the French were even then passing from the militant to the luxurious condition of self-indulgence.

In 1803—when the rumours of renewed war between France and England became confirmed almost to a certainty—thousands of our countrymen suddenly departed from Paris, and many, whose establishments had been maintained in gorgeous style, lost very heavily in consequence.

Mr. Humphrys and his son, having far from completed the business which had placed them in the Capital, were obliged to remain, with the result that they were aroused from their slumbers at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 23rd May, 1803, and ordered to attend a general muster of prisoners of war before General Junot, Governor of Paris, at 12 o'clock on that day previous to being dispatched as détenus and prisoners of war to an inland fortress.

The few hours of intervening time were employed in canvassing all their wealthy and influential friends to elicit their interest in obtaining a remission or modification of the decree in their favour, and this with such good result that they were allowed, after a temporary removal of the son to Fontainebleau, to remain in their hotel; moreover Junot personally held out strong hopes that they would be speedily liberated.

Junot, as we may remind ourselves, was afterwards Duc D'Abrantes and Marshal of the Empire.

Those who have read the delightful work dealing with the life of that remarkable man will hardly doubt that he sincerely intended to carry out the very letter and spirit of his promise; but, alas! his master, as time went on, became more and more envenomed against the whole Insular Nation; and, on occasions, when some evil news traceable to English gallantry or successful intrigue came to hand, the whole of Napoleon's wrath seems to have been vented on the unfortunate détenus, whose lot grew increasingly sorry as their number swelled to larger dimensions by the arrival of prisoners of war, officers and sailors, merchant seamen and stray travellers. Mr. Humphrys and his son had laid in a welcome stock of fuel for the winter, and made preparations for enjoying it in some comfort when an "arrête" or *new decree* of the first Consul ordered the removal of all British subjects from Paris, Fontainebleau and other places to the fortified town of Verdun-sur-Meuse; so our friends, forced to comply peremptorily with this command, presented themselves, after a fatiguing journey continued night and day,

to General Wirion, the Military Governor at the Citadel of Verdun. Here, in company with eleven hundred fellow-countrymen of every rank in life, they spent their time as well as they could, having, on account of their previous good conduct, received special permission to report themselves at the *Marie* only at intervals of five days, in lieu of several times a day as in the case of some of the more turbulent characters.

The members of the aristocracy then incarcerated comprised one Duke, two or three Earls and other Peers with Baronets, captured naval and military officers, members of Parliament, physicians, artists, clergymen and tradesmen. Clubs were formed, plays were enacted, horse races, much to the admiration of the French people, were conducted with all the regularity of Newmarket. Some indulged in billiards and gambling, others in literature or gardening. Mr. Humphrys and his son, who were permitted to take a house a little out of the town, set to work on the cultivation of an ancient garden, and soon succeeded in producing a great variety of vegetables, and in constructing a picturesque little summer-house in which they received constant visits from their friends in the town. There is no condition of life in which a person is so situated that he cannot do something—however little—to soften the cares and alleviate the miseries of his fellow-creatures. Mr. Humphrys thoroughly believed in such a maxim; and in conjunction with a committee of his fellow-prisoners (including Joseph Forsyth, the distinguished artist and critic and James Forbes, author of "*Oriental Memoirs*") he took part in a movement for the education of the sons and daughters of those of his fellow-countrymen who were deprived of the usual incentives and means to that end. By correspondence their methods were extended to *Sarre-Libre*, *Ginet* and *Valenciennes*. In the aggregate more than five hundred young people received secular and religious education under the clergy and merchant captains, assisted by different volunteers amongst the officers and gentlemen organized as above. As Napoleon rose from fame to fame the prospects of the *détenus* became more and more feeble. His assumption of the Imperial Crown was followed by the defeat in succession of "the proud Austrian, the Russian Autocrat, and the descendent of Frederick the Great. He had over-run Holland and Germany on the one side and Spain and Portugal on the other. He had changed the dynasty in Sweden, and placed the Iron Crown of Italy on his own head. In addition to the Imperial Diadem of France he had made all his brothers, except one, Kings of the States he had subjugated. He had given a Vice-

Royalty to his adopted son—Eugene—the beautiful kingdom of Naples to his brother-in-law Murat, and had created his young heir King of Rome. The Pope was humbled, and all Europe—England only excepted—trembled at his name.”

Thus wrote Alexander Humphrys, the orphan son, after he had closed the eyes of his gentle and venerated father, who was followed to his last resting-place on earth by the entire body of those amongst whom he had lived, suffered and worked during three years of detention. The bereaved orphan now felt himself alone indeed—a prisoner in a foreign land, overwhelmed with the tottering affairs of his late father, and barely able to pick up the shattered threads of business so often interrupted by the great drama which was being enacted on the stage of Europe. He exerted all the influence of his Parisian friends to obtain his removal from the scene of his last intercourse and sad offices of filial affection. A passport arrived with a permit for him to take up his residence at Tours, and thither he proceeded, not without hopes of being allowed to divert his course to the Capital as soon as the necessary arrangement for his journey could be made.

The journey was eventful. An evil-looking man, who had given him much cause for uneasiness on his arrival at Chalons-sur-Marne, attacked him during the night, but was repelled by young Humphrys, who secured the villain's poniard as a trophy, to be kept as a little memento for many a long day. In those days the principal Inn at Chalons could not boast a lock which would act, and Humphrys' escape was no doubt owing to a sort of booby-trap, which he had contrived out of the scanty furniture of his bedroom.

The next stage was La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, where accommodation was somewhat better. Humphrys liberally rewarded the different post-boys with a view to shake off all chance of further collision with his Chalons friend. In consequence, and partly owing to an undress military cloak his friends had forced him to adopt, his importance became magnified at every stage, and associated with returning officers from the seat of war. His promotion was rapid. Commencing with Major at La Ferté he was dubbed “mon Colonel” at the next stage and “M. le Comte” long before he reached Versailles. His route was via the exterior boulevards, the heights of Montmartre, and the Barrière de l'Etoile. Skirting the Bois de Boulogne, Passy and Auteuil, the Park of St. Cloud, Bellevue, Meudon and Sèvres. According to instructions from the authorities he was forced to abide a fortnight at Versailles without touching Paris on his further travels to Tours. His friends from

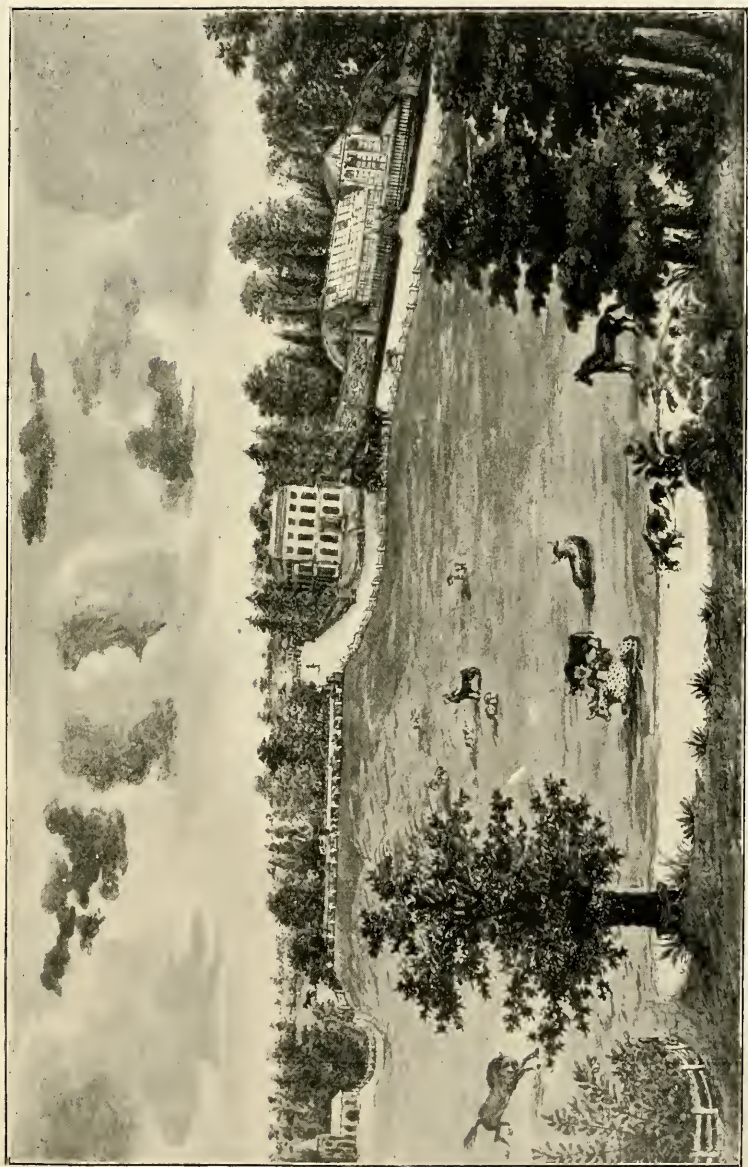
the Capital rallied round him, pressed his claim to return thither in the strongest manner and in the highest quarters. Prince Talleyrand himself was invoked, and those kind-hearted Parisians who had made themselves responsible for Humphrys' security with their bodies and estates ("en corps et biens"—as the term has it), secured the desired end and received him with delight into their congenial circle.

A few short years had worked a wondrous change in the French Metropolis—Chevaliers, Counts, Barons, Marshals of France, Officers of the Legion of Honour and of the Iron Crown of Italy, had sprung up on every hand, and the decorations and uniforms glittered on every side. The delights of a residence in Paris were even more gratifying to a young man of such refined tastes as Alexander Humphrys. In the salons of the great and learned he encountered and conversed with such people as Talma and Ducis, the former of whom had been a pupil to John Kemble. The latter was a translator, though not a very successful one, of Shakespeare. Still he was a pioneer in that branch of literature, and paved the way for Laroche and others in more recent times.

Hours were spent in company with *grande*es and Colonial Governors, returning *détenus*—the influence of whose friends had prevailed upon the Government to allow them to reside in the Capital—and all those heterogeneous elements which we can fancy would compose the brilliant following of a Parisian banker or cultured host.

A sad contrast was however in store. Humphrys, in accordance with the best advice, had disputed some claim arising out of the settlement of his father's affairs. In consequence his opponent, Durand by name, hunted up all legal means in his power to undermine his position. He denounced Humphrys to the military authorities, lodged a complaint with the Minister of Justice, the Minister of War, and the Prefect of Police. Finally, by means of a one-sided reference back to the Grand Judge, the President of First Instance granted an order for the immediate arrest of Alexander Humphrys. He was promptly visited by a "*Huissier*," who roughly forced him into a coach and conducted him to the presence of the President. The latter consigned him to the Prison of St. Pelagie in close custody.

Meantime Humphrys' bankers and friends, who had been communicated with by his valet, arrived at the Court in breathless haste just too late to put a different complexion on the affair, and under different pretexts were baffled during the whole day and night. Their efforts were unceasing, though



THE LARCHES. Built on the ruins of Fair Hill (destroyed by the Rioters in 1791). Early home of Lord Stirling.
Facsimile from sketch by himself.



counteracted by every means which Durand and his lawyer could employ to make the imprisonment absolute and perpetual.

Virtue triumphed in the end, but not before an involuntary experience of a French prison had sunk deep into the soul of our disconsolate friend. Our pen is not equal to abridge or paraphrase the acute stage of this adventure, so we give the account of it in the original language of the sufferer.

A DAY AND NIGHT IN A FRENCH PRISON.

“After my removal in custody from the President’s room at about half-past one p.m., the huissier and one of his men, after seeing me into a fiacre, followed me; the other man rode on the coachman’s box.

“The avoué of Durand dashed forward in a cab, and on entering the Greffe (annex) of the prison, I found him seated there awaiting my arrival. The forms of delivery of my person to the jailor having been gone through, I was led into the principal building, then into a large square room with low doors, not more than three feet high. This opened, as I discovered, into the different divisions of that vast prison, from the northern, eastern, and southern sides.

“It was, I believe, exactly two o’clock when I was brought in. Opposite to me was a group of coarse and grim-featured Turnkeys, who were talking and joking with a condemned felon just returned from his trial for murder at the Criminal Court, where he had been found guilty, condemned, and ordered for execution. The sallow tint, the bloodshot eyes, and savage expression of this wretch’s countenance, made the blood curdle in my veins. He affected the utmost carelessness and indifference about his fate, laughed at the questions put to him by one of the Turnkeys, and, with furious gestures, made his chains rattle as he raised his arms in attitude of defiance. I was compelled, while detained in this outer den of iniquity, to listen to slang and blasphemies of the most atrocious description.

“At length a man entered, whose duty it appeared to be to conduct the criminal to his dungeon. The low door furthest from me was suddenly drawn up like a portcullis, and the prisoner, followed by two of the Turnkeys, all stooping as low as possible, passed through. I just had a glimpse of another man on the inner side (the Guardian, I suppose, of the entrance) before the heavy door slid down to its place, and was instantly barred and bolted.

“In a few minutes more, it was my turn to stoop under the door on my left. I was followed by a man, who had come in with papers in his hands, and I found myself in a sort of gallery extending, I believe, the whole length of the debtor’s division, and along one or two other sides of it.

“St. Pelagie had, at that period, three distinct divisions or quarters, completely separated by double walls from each other. One was the debtor’s quarter; another the State prisoner’s quarter; and the third the quarter reserved for criminals of every class. Once within the place of my confinement I was left to roam at pleasure along the dreary galleries, every few yards meeting poor debtors, who eyed me with extreme curiosity, and exchanged, as I perceived, remarks in a low tone. My new and fashionable clothes contrasting disagreeably, no doubt, with their own generally shabby and patched habiliments, seemed, I thought, to excite amongst some of the groups both anger and displeasure.

“For some time no one accosted me, and I walked up and down till I heard a clock strike four, without being able to rest where no seats were to be seen. Nothing but a damp paved floor and dirty stone walls, with here and there a grated window placed high above, met my eyes.

“At last, at a turning in the gallery, I perceived a large open door and heard the sound of many voices. I approached, and then a man standing near with folded arms asked if I was a new-comer. I replied that I was, and was looking for some place where I could find a seat. He told me to enter the large room I saw before me, which he said was the Prison Coffee House, and where I could have, for money, a dinner if I wished it. I gladly followed his advice, and, having tasted nothing since my breakfast at home, I was really in want of some refreshment.

“I sat down at a small table covered with a yellowish-white napkin, crumpled and spotted all over with stains of beer and grease, serving as a table cloth. A dirty looking waiter came to ask me if I wanted dinner, at

“the same time presenting what he called ‘La carte.’ I selected two of the dishes, chops and vegetables. These were of the coarsest quality and gave a flavour best described in French by the term ‘gargote’ (pot-house). I was almost sick, and the smell arising from this food was enough to deprive me of any appetite I had previously felt. It was with difficulty I could swallow a portion of the disgusting meal, and a few tumblers of the wine set before me, which was harsh and sour. While I was eating, a circle of debtors was gradually formed round me. They had discovered that I was an Englishman, and now I was much beset by my fellow-prisoners. One offered to be my valet; another hoped I would let him clean my boots; a third cautioned me (in English) against the others and told me he had been a gentleman’s servant in England during the last peace. He detailed his adventures in fluent English, but I was unable to attend to him as I was pushed first on one side and then on the other as the crowd increased around me, and as different debtors came up on various pretences to ask me questions and give me advice. One or two, pointing to the man who spoke English, called him a Dodging Knave (*rusé fripon*). This scene was becoming very disagreeable and annoying, and the sickening smell prevailing in the dingy coffee room, arising no doubt from the close pressure of the groups of individuals, were strangely affecting my nerves when the sound of a bell and the appearance of the Turnkeys, with lighted candles, was the signal for a general move. It was the hour for locking-up. I had brought nothing with me, not expecting when I left home that my enemy would succeed in getting me committed to prison. A small bundle, however, and a short note from one of my friends, was handed me while I was dining. The note merely bade me rest assured that everything possible would be done to effect my liberation, and that meanwhile it was my duty to bear up with courage and confidence in friends who would not desert me.

“One of the Turnkeys having desired me to follow him, I was led to a distant door opening from the gallery into which I had first entered on my arrival. Unlocking the door, I was shewn into a room with three miserable beds, one of which was already occupied by a pale consumptive-looking man about 60 years of age, and another man with twinkling eyes and a most evil expression of countenance was undressing as fast as possible by the side of his prison bed. I was simple enough to draw back on seeing the place destined for me, and to ask the Turnkey if I could

“not be allowed a small room to myself on paying for it.
“My inquiry only made the man turn half round and refuse,
“then with a sneer he proceeded to throw a dirty mattress,
“that another person had brought in, upon the bedstead, and
“to spread a coarse sheet and blanket (torn and soiled) over
“that, telling me to be quick to get to bed. I had instinctively
“clutched my purse while he was making these preparations, and, unseen by him or my fellow-prisoners,
“had wrapped it in my pocket handkerchief which I thrust
“under the bolster. Taking off my coat and boots I got
“hastily into bed without further undressing. The Turnkey
“stared, but said nothing, though his surly glance and a
“gesture of impatience conveyed sufficiently their meaning to
“my mind.

“In a minute he snatched up the candle and strode from
“the room, leaving us in pitchy darkness, and I could hear
“the door double-locked and barred on the outside.

“When all was silence and nothing but the hectic cough
“of the consumptive man and the heavy breathing of my
“other neighbour could be heard, I drew my coat from
“the straw-bottomed chair upon which I had laid it, and,
“without making any noise, contrived by degrees to pull
“it under my head. . . . My mind was too much filled
“with unpleasant ideas to think of sleeping, even if I had
“felt secure enough to indulge in repose.

“Two or three hours had lapsed, when I distinctly heard
“one of my companions slowly rise from his bed, then
“the breathing of a person within a few inches of my
“face, then a hand thrust under my bolster, feeling about in
“all directions! I feigned asleep until the same hand was
“directed downwards to feel in my pockets. I was lying
“upon my handkerchief in which my purse was wrapped,
“and in such a position that the man’s fingers tickled me.
“This sensation caused me to move and push away the
“intrusive hand. Fearing, I suppose, that I might suddenly
“awake the hand was withdrawn, and I could hear the
“man retiring to his bed. Another long pause in his
“operations followed, and I was in hopes he would renounce
“his object; but in two or three hours I again heard him
“creep out. He tried, but with more caution, to reach my
“pockets. I feigned an instant to be mumuring in my sleep,
“but all at once started as if sensible of someone touching
“me. The man, on my doing this, slunk away, and
“again I could hear him get into bed and lie down.

“All continued quiet till a glimmering of light shot
“through the small grated widow through the ceiling.
“I happened at this moment to turn my head a little, and,

“though the first rays were feeble, I could perceive a dark figure standing near me. The would-be thief had risen, it was clear, to make a third and last attempt to rob me. Seeing me move he retreated into the darker corner, but did not immediately go to his bed. I raised myself a little and strained my eyes to discover where he was, when he uttered some unintelligible words and again lay down.

“The light now rapidly increased. . . . When the Turnkey came in he was accompanied by my English acquaintance of the day before, and I was excusing myself from his attendance when a gentlemanly fellow-countryman walked into the room introducing himself as Mr. Potter, formerly a Member of the House of Commons, who hastened to render any little assistance in his power. The Turnkey smiled and bowed respectfully to him as he took me to his own room, carpetted and filled with good furniture, where we partook of a good breakfast. My host had been drawn into a share on account of some speculation, and, on repudiating an unjust claim, had been condemned by the Tribunal of Commerce to St. Pelagie. . . .

“I stayed with Mr. Potter till a quarter before 4 o'clock, when the door opened and a Turnkey, accompanied by one of my servants, came to desire I would immediately follow him. I had but a moment to squeeze both the hands of my generous and hospitable countryman, repeat my warm and heartfelt thanks for his attentions to me, as I was told there was not a moment to lose. The low ‘outlet’ was raised as I approached. I was soon in the presence of my devoted friend Monsieur G. and ‘avoué’ in the Greffe. The latter and a Clerk were writing as I entered. In two or three minutes I was called to sign my name on the Register, and then Monsieur Grimoult, taking my arm, hurried me to the coach which was waiting at the door of the prison.

“We had not cleared the Rue de la Clef when my avoué, pointing to another fiacre approaching, exclaimed ‘There are the rascals coming, we have escaped them beautifully!’ and, in effect, I saw the villian Durand and two or three of his associates who, appreciating that the game was up, drove away with speed.

“My old friend and surety M. Grimoult (through whose instrumentality I had been liberated), perceiving that I did not quite comprehend the reason for so much haste, explained that if my enemy had been able to complete his counter-proceedings in time to lodge a detainer of my person at the Greffe before 4 o'clock, his (Grimoult's) kind efforts in my favour would have been useless. Happily I

"was free, and after leaving the prison, Durand's measures
 "could have no force. I was just twenty-six hours in durance
 "at St. Pelagie."

* * * * *

The depression under which Humphrys suffered on emerging from gaol was materially aggravated by the prolonged lawsuit which followed, in which he proved victorious. The expense, however, to which he had been put by his opponent, reduced him for the moment to penury. His remittances from England failed to reach him in time to prevent his utter prostration. Exhausted and starving he lay on his little couch in an obscure quarter of Paris, wondering whether the next sleep in which he indulged would be his last, when a gentle knock at the door announced one of his bosom friends from Verdun, Hollond by name, who had sought him in every quarter of Paris. This good Samaritan promptly ordered a sumptuous repast from the nearest restaurant, and pressed a loan on him which tided over every difficulty till remittances arrived from England. Hollond's income was measured by thousands, and his taste and company adorned the blessings of which he was possessed. Many and prolonged were the entertainments to which the two friends had access. Humphrys picked up all his old acquaintance, and added a list, which even at this distance of time commands our respect.

Paris at that day was undoubtedly the seat of European civilization, and contained representatives of every nation owning the sway or friendship of the great Napoleon. Space forbids our dealing at length with minor details, but we may be permitted to pause in contemplation of the vast area of his dominion, which we translate from the *Gazette de France* (1811). This article excludes the Swiss Confederation (5,000,000) and the Venetian and Dalmatian States. "Round numbers of the
 "Population of the French Empire, according to different
 "languages spoken by the inhabitants (not including
 "soldiers):

" French language	27,916,000
" Italian ,,	4,922,000
" German ,,	2,705,000
" Flemish or Dutch language	4,411,000
" Breton and Basque ,,	108,000

"The Confederation of the Rhine also comprises 5,703 square
 "miles and 14,945,265 inhabitants. The 39 Princes who
 "compose it, Kings, Grand Dukes, Dukes, and Princes,
 "furnish (to the Emperor) a contingent of 118,682 men."

On the occasion of the Baptism of the King of Rome, Humphrys had a grand opportunity of witnessing a representative body of these, including also Mameluke Cavalry, imported from Egypt and retained as a body-guard after the discomfiture of the French army in that country. On this occasion the Emperor's brothers (all, with one exception, Kings) the Viceroy of Italy, Murat, King of Naples, and *ten dependent Sovereigns* graced the spectacle which presented itself to the feasting eyes of the French populace. Napoleon's cream-coloured horses were surrounded by Marshals of the Empire. The Empress and King of Rome—an infant—were similarly escorted. Sixty imperial carriages bore the glittering entourage—each Sovereign Prince was attended in Royal style by his own Suite, and the Duke of Tuscany represented the Imperial House of Austria.

"The little King of Rome lay on his nurse's capacious "lap, with a diamond star on his left side and the broad "Ribbands of the Legion of Honour and the Iron Cross over "his white embroidered long clothes." Ten thousand cavalry, light and heavy, escorted the Emperor, besides the old and young guard, Dutch, Portuguese, and Mamelukes (the latter closely followed the Emperor's carriage), and the scene from commencement to finish took hours in enacting.

* * * * *

1814.

As the advance of Wellington became more and more confirmed by authentic reports from the seat of war, so the Emperor's illwill again manifested itself against the unfortunate English in his power; a sudden decree ordered every one of them, without exception, to leave Paris within twenty-four hours for Verdun, and other places. Humphrys formed one of very few exceptions to those who were obliged to comply. The condition of his permission to remain in Paris was that he and one other Englishman should be mutually responsible for the safety and good faith of a third, and that the other two should be mutually responsible for him.

There was no time for debate or indecision, and the Bond was signed. We believe no ill-effect resulted from his good faith, and his round of gaiety was continued without interruption, till, after a courtship of some months, he persuaded Signorina Fortunata Bartoletti, a Neapolitan lady of great beauty and vivacity, to become his wife. They were married in due course, and thenceforth the career and vicissitudes of Alexander Humphrys were shared throughout his earthly life by a companion as loving as e'er was allotted to man.

It was Humphry's great desire and ambition to place his lovely Italian bride in the arms of his aged mother, but a cruel fate deprived him of his parent before the conclusion of peace enabled him to return to England.

Before this, however, he was destined to undergo some startling adventures. His vivid and accurate narrative almost tempts us to reproduce his impressions of the tremor and excitement prevailing in Paris at this time,—the reception by degrees of the manifold woeful tales from the Grand Army on its retreat from Moscow, the constant repetition of disasters in the Peninsula, and the contradictory orders dealt out in rapid succession to the garrison of Paris.

Humphry's wife had barely recovered from her second confinement, when orders were received for every English prisoner of war in Paris and other places to repair instantly to the *Dépôt* at Guéret, in the interior of France. Fearing the consequences to his wife and infant sons of a strict adherence to this mandate, Humphrys secretly resolved on running the enormous risk of disobeying the Imperial Decree.

All remonstrance to the Authorities having failed, he set to work to carry out his plan. He writes :

“When my preparations were finished, and the hour, on the morning of departure, had arrived, I put on a complete travelling dress, muffled myself up as the severe cold of the season required, embraced my wife and children with the real emotion which a consciousness that I was embarking in a most perilous enterprise made one feel and sprang into the *fiacre* at our door. I ordered a man to drive me to the *Rue de Bouloy*, loud enough for the Porter of the house, who was standing by, to hear the direction I gave ; and, indeed, was first taken to a diligence office in that street. On the way, I satisfied myself that no one had got up behind the coach, and, after getting out at the *Messageries*, paying the fare, and dismissing the *fiacre*, which immediately drove towards the *Rue Montmatre*, I looked carefully around to ascertain whether any person appeared to be watching me. At that early hour of a winter's morning very few people were to be seen, and no individual in the large yard I entered noticed my arrival. By way of precaution, however, I went into the booking-office, where I perceived some travellers, in order that any prying eye directed towards me, perhaps without my knowledge, might suppose I was making there my last arrangements. In a few minutes I emerged from that place, and, beckoning to a *Commissionaire*, desired him to lift my portmanteau and follow me to the *Place du Palais Royal*. There I picked out the cleanest coach I could see upon the stand, with good, strong horses and a cheerful, civil-spoken driver. My luggage being placed on the front seat, I told

the latter I wished to be set down in the Place de la Concorde. Off we started at a good, round pace, and while proceeding, I removed the direction card from the portmanteau so that no one henceforth might read my name and supposed destination. I had time, as we rattled over the pavement, to tear the card into small pieces and scatter them by degrees to the wind. On reaching the spot where now the lofty Egyptian obelisk rears its head on that most beautiful square of the French Metropolis, I stopped the fiacre, and, through one of the front windows, asked my obliging coachman what he would charge me for conveying me to Versailles. We soon agreed upon the terms, and in about 3 hours I was safely driven up to the corner of the street in that town which I had named.

"My heart beat as I got out of the coach, for I felt that the moment for action—the great, the decisive moment, on which hung my fate, was close at hand. Leaving my portmanteau inside and desiring the man to wait where he had stopped while I made some enquiries in the neighbourhood, I hurried up the street to a large building in which I knew my old friend General Durand de Sainte Rose had established the head quarters of the reserve, which he commanded. I was on forbidden ground; for, as an English prisoner of war, especially one disobeying orders, if any enemy could have followed and recognised me, on his simple denunciation I should have been seized and summarily shot! Such I well knew to be the inexorable decision in time of war of any Court Martial before which a foreigner on being discovered in or near a camp, without special leave, might be dragged. In truth, when I reflect, at this distance of time, upon the rash step I took, I am obliged to acknowledge that it was scarcely justifiable even under the extreme circumstances which had prompted me to it. But I was at that age when affections are stronger than judgment, and revolted against an order of Napoleon which would have banished me from my young wife and infant children at a terrible juncture of affairs. My English feelings and prepossessions made me look forward with confidence to the triumph of the Allies, and I could not make up my mind to desert those who might very soon be exposed to all the dangers and horrors of a great City taken by assault. I expected, as did all my friends, both English and French, that, if Paris were taken by the invaders, the Russians and Prussians would make use, in the hour of victory, of full reprisals for the burning of Moscow, the plunder of Berlin, as well as innumerable other cities, towns and villages, and the devastation of the vast tracts of country which had so long been the theatre of war. These and other equally cogent reasons had decided me to risk the step I am

going to describe, and to solicit of my generous friend and protector a last proof of his kindness. My conductor threw open one of the 'battants' of the folding door, and in an inner room I found myself in the presence of my friend, General Durand de Ste. Rose.

"Never shall I forget the surprised and reproachful look which that noble-minded man cast upon me as I entered. The danger to which I exposed him, as well as myself, no doubt immediately struck him, for he turned pale and seemed for a moment uncertain how to receive me. But, mastering all my courage and presence of mind, I at once accosted him in a calm and respectful tone, as if I had been an entire stranger to him, and requested a few minutes private conversation. A word and glance of the eye often suffice to make oneself understood by a man of superior talent and intelligence. I saw that the General perfectly comprehended that some unexpected and serious event had brought me before him. He bade his Secretaries, who were busily engaged at a large writing table near him, to retire awhile, and, when they had closed a side door through which they passed, he and his excellent nephew (now Comte de Guernon) both eagerly approached me. To their questions and exclamations I replied by giving a brief but clear and animated description of my peculiarly distressing situation, in consequence of the Emperor's decree banishing the English residents in Paris to Gu  ret, at a moment when it was out of my power to take my wife and children with me. I related the chief occurrences of the last few days, and finished by appealing to him, as a friend, for such protection as I hoped he might be able to afford by procuring me some place of shelter and safety for a short time in Versailles. With more rapidity than I can now possibly describe so extraordinary an interview, I laid open my heart and feelings to my generous friend; and I suppose great emergencies are productive of a certain eloquence, which comes by a sort of inspiration on those occasions, for I well remember that General D's. first severe and angry glances gradually softened down to an expression of interest and kindness. As I ceased speaking he and his nephew hastily conferred together for a few minutes, at the end of which, the former, pressing my hand, told me a plan had been arranged by them which de Guernon would explain as I went with him. He then playfully pushed me towards his nephew and desired us to be gone. I was indeed seized with equal vivacity of movement by de Guernon, who, putting my arm under his own, hurried me through an opposite door into his uncle's private apartments and

down some back stairs into the court of the hotel, whence we passed, without exchanging a word, into the street. As soon as he saw I had a coach waiting for me at the farther end, he begged me to walk fast, but did not begin to unfold his plan till we had taken our seats in the fiacre and he had directed the coachman where to go.

"In less than ten minutes the coach drew up at the door of a private hotel, which my friend de G. had been preparing me during the drive to look upon as my temporary abode until coming events should enable him to decide how to act and provide for my personal safety. I was to assume the name by which I was announced at the 'Etat-Major,' and to be introduced to Madame de Lamortière, sister-in-law of the General, as a cousin of his family, in a weak state of health, which rendered absolute retirement for a few weeks indispensable. As soon as the fiacre stopped, de Guernon got out alone in order to go and explain matters to Madame de L., which, as I insisted on paying handsomely for my board and lodging during the time I might have to remain in her house, were soon satisfactorily arranged, and my lively friend came back, after about a quarter of an hour's conference, with a smiling countenance to request I would alight.

"My introduction under such auspices was extremely pleasant. I was welcomed to her house by Madame Lamortière in quite a cordial manner as the General's relation, and invited to make myself as comfortable as possible in my solitary room, where, she said, a small collection of books and anything else I might desire to assist me in driving away dull care, should be carried. De G. had so well done his friendly part in describing the nature of my supposed complaint, and the necessity of absolute quiet without seeing any visitors besides himself and my wife, who, he stated, would probably call from time to time, that no embarrassing questions were put to me. A pretty and neatly furnished chamber on an upper floor was hastily got ready for my reception, and when a cheerful fire had diffused sufficient warmth into it, I was permitted to take possession. In this small room I spent the first ten days, or fortnight, of my residence at Madame de Lamortière's, having been able to relieve my wife's apprehensions almost immediately, by a private verbal communication of all that had taken place since we parted, which de Guernon, who had business to transact for his uncle the next morning in Paris, most kindly undertook to make in person. Thus, the risk of dispatching a letter was avoided.

"Meantime the stirring events of war and several

alarming movements of the Allies in the direction of the Capital, having increased the efforts made to supply Napoleon with additional troops, Conscripts arrived in such numbers, at Versailles on their route to the army, that even the proprietors of the largest and best houses in the town were obliged to prepare rooms and beds for a certain number every night. I soon became aware of this unexpected change and of the military neighbours who had been admitted to occupy a range of attic rooms opening upon the corridor which led to mine. No event could have been more vexatious to me, and it kept me in a state of agitation and alarm.

"One evening de Guernon had just come in to spend a little time with me; the door, which we had not thought of bolting immediately, was merely pushed to, and I had drawn the large screen, lent for my protection from cold draughts of air, round our chairs, when we heard a heavy step in the corridor, and before my friend could spring forward to secure the door, it was thrown open and a tall gendarme, followed by two conscripts, marched into the middle of the room. I was very luckily completely hid by the screen, and de Guernon, who was well-known to the gendarme as the General's nephew, assuming the tone of a superior, sharply rebuked him for bursting into the chamber of an invalid without knocking at the door, told him he had mistaken the room and desired he would withdraw without making any more noise to disturb the sick person. The man uttered an apology, and to my great relief instantly retired with his protégés, walking on tip-toe as he departed. My friend went down to consult with Madame de Lamortière on the subject, and after remaining about half-an-hour below, he returned to inform me that an unexpected event had enabled him to make a capital arrangement for me. General de Lamortière, her husband,—whose military enthusiasm, though aged and on the retired list, had induced him at this crisis to offer his services to the Emperor—had but just arrived at Dijon, when the Austrian Army attacked it, and after a short conflict made themselves masters of the town. The General being taken prisoner, was despatched with other French Officers to the rear of the Army and thence across the Rhine. Thus, as the news of his capture deprived Madame de Lamortière of all hope of his return for a length of time, she arranged with de Guernon that I should be removed on the morrow to a large and handsome salon and library, and which contained a comfortable bed and every convenience, where all danger of intrusion by strangers was at an end. I occupied in fact part of the family range of rooms, and an ante-room, opening upon the principal landing

of the great staircase, separated my apartment completely from the others.

"During the remaining four or five weeks of my residence in Madame de Lamortiere's house, I was permitted to enjoy security and peace. The General's collection of books was such as a military man might be expected to possess; but although a large portion of the works were little calculated to interest me, there were many which did interest and amuse me exceedingly. I was allowed to peruse any I pleased, and almost immediately upon obtaining that permission I began Abbé Barthélemy's "*Travels of Anacharsis in Greece*," a splendid edition in seventeen volumes with a large atlas showing every move of the traveller. So deeply did this work interest me and so assiduous was I in studying it, that I found time to read the whole before the roar of distant artillery, and my excellent hostess's visit to inform me of the departure of my generous friend and patron General Durand with the army of reserve under his orders, made me aware that the hour of my liberation and return to Paris was at hand.

"I must not forget to mention that one evening an exciting and trying scene for which I was in no wise prepared, put my powers of dissimulation as well as my presence of mind severely to the test. Being more than usually at leisure and without any company, my excellent, kind-hearted protector, General Durand, sent his nephew to invite me to pay him a secret visit at the *Etat-Major*. I of course made no objection being certain that every precaution in their power would be taken by my friends to avoid surprise or danger while I should be with them. De Guernon made me wrap myself in my military looking cloak and put on the same cap in which I had arrived at Versailles, and when darkness shrouded the town I took his arm and we sallied out into the streets for the first and only time while I was in concealment there. On reaching the hotel of the Staff (*Etat-Major*) de Guernon, after giving the pass-word to the Sentinel at the door, led me into the Court and up the private staircase to the General's apartment. I was conducted to a small but elegant room or boudoir in which my gallant friend, the General, was accustomed to spend his evenings when alone, or accessible only to a chosen few. He met me, as I entered, with a smile and a squeeze of the hand, expressive of his generous and friendly feelings. We had a delightful, confidential chat for about half an hour, undisturbed. Suddenly, however, a quick step near the principal door leading to his drawing-room made General Durand aware of the approach of some visitor. De Guernon had been sent a few minutes before by

his uncle to fetch something he wanted from the Offices, so there was no time for removing me out of danger to some other room disconnected from the leading suite. The General had scarcely a moment to whisper his desire that I should sit still and appear occupied with a paper he put into my hands, when the door was thrown open and a servant ushered in an aide-camp, arrived with dispatches from the Grand Army. After an exchange of salutations and breaking open the sealed packet, the General cast a hasty glance over the contents, gave me one expressive look and left the room. Thus did I unexpectedly find myself left alone with the worn-out and harrassed officer who was booted and spurred and seemed to have travelled far. He threw himself on the couch in the boudoir, remained several minutes silent, and I was beginning to hope he would refrain from addressing me, but at last he turned towards me and enquired in an anxious, courteous tone if I could inform him how affairs were going on in the capital. Apparently I answered as he expected, and he thanked me. I believe, though quite sensible of my dangerous position, I betrayed neither alarm nor agitation at this critical moment. My dress and pure accent in speaking French served me well, and I managed to get through a conversation of 8 or 10 minutes duration with the aide-camp, without awakening any suspicion on his side. At length I was relieved by the return of General Durand and his nephew, who in another quarter of an hour brought me back in safety to my comfortable lodging.

"From that time forward my kind friends would never risk exposing me by such private interviews to the danger attending them—danger which no precaution could entirely avert at so fearful a crisis of affairs. I was obliged to be content with occasional visits from my dear wife and with my friend's evening calls, which most agreeably broke the monotony of my existence. My natural and confirmed habits of study rendered my seclusion amidst books and maps so agreeable and comfortable to my inclinations that I can safely declare the seven or eight weeks I spent thus at Versailles in 1814 were rather pleasurable than otherwise. My only painful reflections arose from being unable to have my wife and children with me, and from fears regarding their defenceless situation in Paris in the event, more than ever probable, of the Emperor's overthrow and the attack of the Capital by the victorious Allies.

"During the last days of March my kind and attentive hostess, Madame de Lamortière, appeared so downcast and betrayed so much agitation and distress of mind that I immediately suspected there must be very bad news from the army ;

and having ventured to enquire how affairs were proceeding, she told me that nothing could be worse, that the troops were extremely discouraged, two-thirds of the army having been annihilated during its fierce and unequal struggle against overwhelming numbers, and, in short that the best and most devoted Generals and other Officers despaired of the Emperor's cause. She added that the Allied forces were drawing near to the capital, and everybody now expected it would be taken.

On the 30th I heard most distinctly the roar of artillery in the distance at a very early hour in the morning, and about the middle of the day Madame de Lamortière informed me that an officer had arrived at the Etat-Major with dispatches of so urgent a nature that General Durand with all his Staff and the army under his command had hastily commenced a retreat to some distant point where he was ordered to effect his junction with the Emperor. At the last moment De Guernon had run down to take leave of his Aunt, and thought it necessary to tell her in confidence *who I was, and what was my real situation*, for he conceived I might (being an Englishman) perhaps be able to render her some services and protect her, if Versailles were filled with foreign troops on the surrender of Paris to the Allied Sovereigns. I was exceedingly moved by the earnest manner in which Mme de Lamortière—who had so long lodged and protected me in my assumed character as a sick relation of General Durand, which from my manners and pure accent in speaking French she had never doubted—now claimed protection from me in my turn. I assured that excellent lady that nothing would delight me more than to be useful to her in any way she could point out, but that I was certain she would not wish me to lose any opportunity, if it presented itself, of making my way through the enemy's lines to my home in the Capital, where my young wife and infant children might be exposed to every horror and danger in the event of its being taken by assault. To these remarks, Madame de Lamortière could offer no objection. Thus, after consulting awhile about the means of effecting my departure for Paris, we agreed that, should I be successful in the hazardous attempt, I was immediately to seek out de Guernon on my arrival, and endeavour to arrange with him some plan for procuring an order from any new authorities that might be established by the Allies, that Mme. de Lamortière's house at Versailles should be respected by the foreign troops;—a wild scheme, I must confess, but such was that amiable woman's confidence in my power, as an Englishman, to obtain that kind of protection for her, that I should have acted rudely and unwisely if I had

refused to do as she desired. My friend had, it seemed, gone direct to Paris, by his Uncle's wish, to watch over the safety of Madame Durand and his children at that alarming moment, and although the former was so hurried that he could not see me when he called on Madame de Lamortière, he begged her to tell me that I might rely upon his good offices in whatever he might be able to do for my wife as well as his aunt. Our residences were not far apart, and I felt assured the families would meet daily until the final struggle admitted, as no one doubted it would, the Allied Army into the City.

"Such then was the state of things on the 30th of March. On the 31st, in the morning I was aroused from my uneasy slumber by a loud knocking at my chamber door before it was perfectly light. It was a servant of Madame de Lamortière, who had been sent by her to beg that I would rise as soon as possible, because the townspeople, who were in great alarm, expected the Cossacks to make a rush upon Versailles. A thousand different reports were in circulation and some alarmists went so far as to affirm that a horde of those savages had crossed the country to the neighbourhood of Nanterre and Marly. Madame de Lamortière was in such a state of trepidation and so anxious to have me near her to be ready to speak and demand protection if any Russian Officers approached her door, that I made all haste to dress and repair to her apartments. When I appeared in the drawing-room she was in extreme agitation and talking with much earnestness to a gentleman who had just come in. We gathered from his report of the morning news that all communication with the capital was cut off, and that the battle under the walls of Paris was raging with fury. Of this fact we had ample confirmation on going to the back of the house, from the garden of which we could see the cloud of smoke and hear the repeated discharges of cannon and musketry at 12 or 14 miles distance. It was a dark gloomy day, and a death-like silence, reigning within the city and immediate neighbourhood of Versailles, was portentous of evil. I felt the necessity of at once preparing to depart for Paris on the first opportunity that might be presented to me, even if the danger of attempting to pass through the Allied Army itself were opposed to my wishes. After hastily taking the breakfast which Madame de Lamortière kindly set before me in her *salle à manger* and sitting awhile with her and her morning visitor, I retired to my chamber, packed my small pormanteau and closed it, with a secret conviction that I should have no occasion to unlock it again before I reached my own dwelling in Paris. I then put on my hat, muffled myself in my long military-looking coat, and sallied out in

broad daylight without fear of encountering much risk in the deserted streets of Versailles. My object was to see what was going on in the more populous Avenues leading to the Capital, on the Grande Place, in the markets and about the Palace. I soon found that numerous groups and assemblages had been formed in those quarters and perceived the agitation was increasing on the Place, where noisy countrymen and women from the villages round Paris were arriving with their carts filled with bedding and furniture hastily removed from the habitations which they had abandoned. They made the air ring with their lamentations, and appalled their auditors by their descriptions of the Cossacks, and of the waste, destruction and crimes they were committing. Ruthless pillage, fire, murder, violation and all the horrors of war, they said, marked the passage of these barbarians. Other fugitives coming in made the crowd rush towards them, and I soon collected from the accounts they gave of the progress of the Allied Army that Paris either had already capitulated or was on the point of doing so. Directing my course from the Place d'Armes towards different issues from the town I perceived everywhere National Guards stationed, and at some distance forward small detachments of soldiers, who, I suppose, were also National Guards. These precautionary arrangements induced me to ask a tradesman standing at his door the meaning of them. He told me it was not to attempt any sort of defence if the enemy approached but to prevent people from risking their lives unnecessarily by leaving the town. Anybody was permitted to escape in the opposite direction, but towards Paris no one was allowed to pass. This information deranged one of my plans, for I had been meditating such an attempt.

"After regaining my apartment I allowed some hours to pass, and then sallied out again to ascertain if possible whether any carriages or other conveyances had arrived from Paris, but the answers to all my enquiries on the Grande Place only tended to prove that the Allies must have entered the City, as no fugitives had made their appearance since early morning.

"At length, as the shades of evening closed in, we heard that one or two of those cabriolets de Place, which run daily between the Capital and the neighbouring towns and villages, had arrived with fugitives upon the Grande Place. I instantly ran to make enquiries from the drivers and passengers respecting the events of the day, and from their different relations, amidst noise and exclamations of surprise and horror, I collected that the enemy was entering Paris on one side, while these persons were escaping on

the other ; that they had made a long circuit to reach Versailles and were in search of friends who had fled the day before. My first object, when the crowd left me an opportunity of speaking to one of the drivers, was to obtain a conveyance back to Paris ; but for some time the man would not listen to any proposal of the kind. I believe he thought me mad to suppose we could traverse the myriads of Cossacks, who were now spread all over the country between Sèvres and the gates, but, nevertheless, he agreed for 60 francs to set me safely down on the Place de la Concorde, and risk the dangerous attempt to re-enter the gates of Paris.

"This arrangement made, I left him to make my own preparations for the hazardous enterprise, and take leave of my kind protectress, in whose house I found comfort and security during the most extraordinary and eventful crisis of Napoleon's career.

"Madame de L. urged me to re-consider what I was about to undertake. She had seen one of the terrified fugitives from the Capital, who had given her so dreadful an account of the state of the town, and especially of the country they had passed through, that she felt assured I should be robbed and murdered if I tried to pass the enemy's lines in the darkness of night. Already the Cossacks had been seen by the country people approaching Sèvres, and it was most likely they would be met with there, if not nearer Versailles. The good lady saw I was immoveable and said no more. She only recommended extreme caution and moderation if I were attacked, and handing me a strong phial filled with cognac (having over its cork a broad, bright silver top screwed tightly down), she observed that I could slip it into my breast-pocket, and it might be of some service during my perilous drive ; then gave me her hand, to which I pressed my lips, and we parted.

"It was 7 o'clock ; the streets were deserted, the evening extremely dark and cold, and when I and Mme. de Lamortière's servant, who carried my portmanteau, reached the Grande Place, we could but just distinguish where the Cabriolet (commonly called at that period a 'Coucou') was stationed. The driver was fixing his two jaded horses to the shafts by the light of a candle, which another man held. There were about half-a-dozen other persons standing by, and as soon as I came up they all began remonstrating with me, predicting destruction to me and the driver, and recounting a variety of alarming 'on dits' collected from the stragglers from places in the neighbourhood, who had arrived since I was last on the spot. To these remarks and expostulations I could only reply that my family was

in danger, and it was absolutely necessary for me to join them as soon as possible. By all this discursive chatter with the bye-standers we lost some minutes of valuable time, and my driver seemed half inclined to break through his engagement ; but seeing me resolute and impatient, as soon as I had placed my portmanteau and sprung into the vehicle, he mounted his seat and drove off.

“ The first few miles along the now deserted road were travelled in almost pitch darkness, and not a sound could be heard, except the very distant murmur of voices, shouts, clamours, and musket shots from time to time, as we drew near to Sèvres. The moon, which had then risen, shed a doubtful light over the scene, sufficiently clear nevertheless to distinguish objects on our path and on the sides of the road which made the blood freeze in my veins. They were dead cavalry horses, and here and there the bodies, as they appeared to me, of soldiers lying near or upon the adjoining banks or grass ; but I could not by so glimmering a light be certain whether the dark masses I saw were all of them slaughtered troopers. One, stretched on his back, within a few feet of the vehicle I was in, was most certainly a French dragoon. My driver could hardly make his horses proceed and was obliged to pursue a zigzag course along the road side to avoid trampling on the dead horses. In this way we advanced perhaps a hundred yards at a foot's pace, when suddenly the man stopped, turned round on his seat and stared me full in the face, with a truly ghastly smile. I saw that he was fumbling for something in a side pocket, and at once imagining this gesture to indicate a bad or murderous design I thrust my hand into my breast pocket and drawing from it Madame de Lamortière's phial I held it like a small pistol, turning the polished top towards the man and using this pretended weapon of defence to urge him into the main street of Sèvres, when my driver was ordered by a Russian officer to stop. In a few seconds the vehicle was surrounded by troops who began unharnessing the horses, and would probably have pulled me and my portmanteau out upon the pavement if I had not had sufficient presence of mind to demand loudly the favor of speaking a few words to any Russian officer understanding the French language. One, a tall gentlemanly man came forward, and asked me in remarkably good French what I had to say. Briefly and rapidly I told a tale of woe which I had previously arranged in my mind to meet any such emergency, and fortunately for me it produced exactly the result I desired. The officer, in a commanding tone, seemed to give his orders distinctly, for after readjusting the harness, the Russian soldiers drew back right and left, and

my driver at once made his horses dash forward almost at a gallop.

"As we traversed the town dreadful cries and the screams of women and children in the houses, which the foreign troops had entered and were plundering, rent the air. Frequent shots were heard at points where I imagined some resistance was made, and altogether the scene, amid the darkness and gloom of night, was sufficiently appalling and exciting to work rudely upon my feelings until we approached once more the open country road. That road I had travelled often enough to know as well as the man who was driving me; and when I saw him cast back a hasty glance at me, and suddenly turn his horses' heads towards a dark lane on the right of the post road, I instantly guessed his object. Springing upright from my seat and leaning as far out of the lumbering carriage as the opening in front permitted, I again pointed the silver-topped phial at the ear of the villain, summoning him to resume his course along the highway. We soon came in view of the whole encampment of the enemy's advanced guards, consisting chiefly of three or four thousand regular Cossacks and other bodies of Russian troops. Innumerable fires were scattered over the country and about the tents and piles of arms, and in less time than it requires to describe these incidents I found myself in the midst of a large body of foreign soldiers. Again was the vehicle surrounded and bayonets were pointed simultaneously at the French driver, at the horses and at myself. Hands were laid upon me to pull me out, and upon my portmanteau to tear it open, but a good providence inspired me and brought to my side several officers to whom I hastily addressed an appeal which produced the effect I desired. Some orders was given in a loud, commanding tone—the troops drew back, and my driver, almost palsied with terror, flogged his horses to a gallop, and did not relax his pace for a single moment till we reached the barrier of Passy. There was a brief parley with the keepers of the gate, foreign and Parisian, also with a gentlemanly officer of the National Guard, who detained me but a few minutes; and proceeding again at the same furious pace I at length reached the Pont de la Concorde.

Arrived in the heart of Paris a strange and fearful scene presented itself. The night was sombre, and black clouds, chased rapidly by a storm current of wind overhead, rendered it more difficult to distinguish any objects clearly, but hundreds of watch fires which spread about the Champs Elysées enabled me to perceive large masses of foreign troops beneath the trees. On the side of the Tuileries all was impenetrable gloom, not a lamp of any kind being

perceptible there. This discovery served to guide my hasty steps after I had settled with my driver, agreeably to the promise I made him at Versailles. I sprang from his lumbering vehicle in a state of great anxiety and excitement, not knowing what adventures or perils might cross my path ere I could reach my home in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs near the Place Vendome. Hastily lifting my portmanteau from the footboard on which it rested, and drawing over it the broad skirt of my great coat, I began my homeward course. I immediately crossed to the darkest side of the Place trying to walk as fast as possible, but my portmanteau, which I was obliged to drag along by its leathern handle, retarded my progress. Scarcely had I reached the wide space facing the "Pont tournant" and the iron gates of the Tuileries garden, than an incident occurred which might have fatally terminated my adventures that night. Some man who, as far as I was able to distinguish, had the appearance of a Parisian workman, suddenly came bounding towards me, closely pursued by a foreign soldier, who was pointing his musket at him and seemed determined to fire. On seeing me, the Parisian placed himself at my back, and seizing my shoulders, twirled me about to make me serve as his buckler for a few moments; and no doubt I should have received the contents of the soldier's piece, had not the latter made a movement to one side so rapidly as to bring the Parisian full in view again and cause him to scamper off at once in an opposite direction to that I was pursuing. Released from this perilous encounter, I hastened forward towards the Rue de Rivoli, but though I kept as much as possible in the shade and walked noiselessly along, I had scarcely turned the projecting corner of the balustrade which fronts the Rue St. Florentin, when two Russian sentinels collared me and said something at the same time which I could not understand. By these men I was dragged across the street towards the hotel of Prince Talleyrand, where I perceived, by the light of the lamps, a group of foreign officers. Among them was one wrapped in a long military cloak whose dignified mien, and chapeau, bordered with gold lace and ornamented with feathers, convinced me that he was a General. Nor was I mistaken. I afterwards ascertained that he was Prince Witgenstein, who was stationed at that point with a numerous staff on the memorable night in question to watch near the entrance of the Hotel Talleyrand where his Sovereign, the Emperor Alexander, had taken up his abode.

"As the soldiers and I drew near, the General stepped forward and addressing me in French, sternly asked 'Who

are you? Where do you come from and where are you going?' Instantly I boldly replied 'General, I am an Englishman, have been, during eleven years, one of the 'détunus' or prisoners of war, arbitrarily arrested in this city by the order of Napoleon, on the renewal of the war in 1803. I have now just recovered my liberty, and arrived from Versailles, being on my way to rejoin my family near the Place Vendome.' The General had attentively listened to my brief explanations, and no sooner had I finished speaking than making a sign to the sentinels they loosed their hold of me, and then taking my hand and bowing most politely he said 'I sincerely congratulate you, Sir, on the recovery of your freedom. Pass on, and may you safely reach your home.' After another exchange of courtesies, I proceeded as fast as my heavy portmanteau would allow me along the dark and deserted streets, carefully avoiding any new encounter, and most happily did I escape the many dangers which threatened every wayfarer through the great metropolis on the first night of its occupation by the Allied Army.

"It was eleven o'clock when I reached the great 'porte cochère' of the house in which I resided, and to my repeated knocks for admission not the slightest attention was for some time paid. I became dreadfully alarmed, for, although not a single street lamp was lighted, nor a solitary individual passed while I was standing there, I could hear at some distance up the street the measured tramp of a large patrol of the National Guard or of foreign troops, by either of whom I might expect to be seized and led away for examination at the nearest station. At length the concierge recognized my voice, the key was turned, the bolts were drawn, and I had just time to get inside the courtyard before the patrol passed the house. Springing lightly to the door of my apartment, I was there met and folded in the arms of my wife. It was indeed home, sweet home."

PARIS UNDER THE ALLIES.

"After breakfast on the first of April, I went out alone to view the town and learn as much as possible how matters were going on. The sun shone brightly, forming a striking and agreeable contrast to the dark, lowering gloomy weather of the last few weeks, but even a smiling sky could not cheer many of the Parisians under the terrible dispensation of a foreign occupation of their beautiful capital. The greatest alarm had spread to its remotest quarters, and all who had property to lose—especially money, jewels, plate, valuable watches, etc.—were shut up in their houses busied in concealing them. The shops were almost universally closed, and some of the wealthiest families,—fearing that Paris in revenge would be given up to pillage and probably be burned as Moscow had been—actually dug deep holes like wells under their cellars, and therein placed most of their valuables. These hiding places were carefully covered over, and strong cross pieces laid at top, upon which earth was strewed and then the original brick flooring of the cellar replaced in a manner to defy suspicion of the existence of such treasures below.

"I found some of the streets in our immediate neighbourhood especially thronged with people and soldiers of the allied army in every variety of uniform and costume, the latter proceeding generally to the head quarters in the Place Vendome. Motley groups of Cossacks surrounded the Column and their appearance was anything but attractive. It was the first time I had seen these barbarians, and certainly had never beheld such savage looking brutes as many of them were. Their long beards almost covered their faces, bleary eyes, strangely shaped fur caps, rough and soiled coats or cloaks bordered with fur, or, in some instances nearly covered with a bear-skin, which stretched down to the middle of the legs. When mounted on their wild and shaggy small horses they rested on the animals cruppers the long spears, which they handled with great dexterity. Other arms fastened about them, made them look very formidable and repulsive.

"Meeting one of my fellow-countrymen, near General Hullin's fine Hotel, he asked me if I would not go in with him and pay my respects to General Count Sachen, to whom the splendid house had been assigned for his head quarters on being appointed by the Emperor Alexander, Military Governor of Paris. I gladly assented to my friend's proposal, and we entered. We were very politely welcomed by an aide-de-camp, on saying that we were Englishmen and explaining our object. After traversing three or four rooms filled with foreign officers and others, we were shewn into

one in which, to our great delight, we found several of our English acquaintances, and I had the pleasure to shake hands with an old English Baronet who had, during the last few years of our captivity, been bound with me and poor Kearney by Police regulation.

"We soon engaged in animated conversation, relating our recent adventures and forming conjectures as to the possible results of Napoleon's overthrow. These discussions were, however, at once cut short by the entrance of Count Sachen. Nothing could be more warm and cordial than this General's reception of us. He shook hands with all in turn, and to our infinite surprise and pleasure addressed us in English with an ease and purity that might have caused us to believe he was an Englishman. He apologized for being unable, on account of the urgency and multiplicity of his occupations, to remain many minutes with us, but at the same time added "I beg, Gentlemen, you will not hurry away on this account. Make yourselves quite at home and remain here some little time at least. I shall find short intervals when it will be in my power to look in upon you again." His kind manner expressed a wish apparently so sincere for our visit to be prolonged that most of us determined to remain, and glad I was that we did so, for a great treat awaited us. During our stay, officers, private soldiers, couriers, men in travelling costume and foreign gentlemen from all parts of Europe, came in rapid succession to have interviews with the General. To the greatest number of these persons Count Sachen spoke in the room we occupied, and our wonder was increased as we heard the accomplished chief speak one moment to a German in German, to an Italian in Italian, at another to a French gentleman in French, (and in the last two languages I was myself able to judge of the purity and elegance of his expressions) to a Polish nobleman we also heard him speak apparently with perfect fluency and ease, and we felt assured that the facility of his utterance in dialects he was conversing in with men whose dress bespoke them to be natives of Oriental countries proved his mastery of them also.

"We stayed more than an hour in the Governor's apartments, and several times he came in to talk with us, seeming to take much interest in our replies respecting Verdun, and our residence in the capital and other towns of France. We remarked a very gentlemanly officer, dressed in the uniform of an aide-de-camp, who we were informed was one of the Princes de Polignac, then holding rank in the Allied Army.

"On quitting the Hotel of Count Sachen, my English friend and I strolled into other quarters of the capital, and we

were equally surprised and pleased to find no disturbance or confusion anywhere. It is true that we heard here and there stifled curses as we passed men dressed in the garb of citizens, but whose dark moustached faces and military bearing bespoke them as disguised soldiers and subalterns of the French grand army! and at almost every turn we noted the anxious gloomy alarmed faces of men of business, who seemed to be hurrying forward in the direction of the Bourse or to attend the meetings at other points of the city. Large horse patrols of foreign troops passed us frequently, as did also the Parisian National Guard. The garden of the Tuileries was closed and not a soul was to be seen inside, except the double sentinels' guard, consisting, at every gate, of National Guards and foreign soldiers. The Palace was carefully closed, and we could distinguish nothing but a few groups of foreign officers near the principal entrances, and the sentinels, whose measured pacing could just be heard from the Carousel in consequence of the awful silence which prevailed on that spot, so well known in ordinary times for the busy scenes of life.

"We ventured to take a hasty glance at the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées, where about 80,000 allied troops covered the ground. The scene presented to our eyes was indeed an extraordinary one, and, I believe, from what I afterwards learnt, our expedition through large masses of foreign soldiers—whose fierce looks and flashing eyes expressed on that second day of the occupation of Paris not a little surprise at our intrusion—was not unattended with danger. Arms, consisting of muskets, with fixed bayonets, and the long spears of the Cossacks, were everywhere piled near the different groups. Most of the men were either stretched out on the cold soil beneath the trees, or busied in preparing food for their dinners. Enormous kettles, or boilers, were hanging by chains from long forked sticks or poles, crossed at the top, over fires lighted with broken branches from the trees. I had often heard, but till that day could never believe, that the Russians were fond of tallow with their food. My companion, however, drew my attention to a Cossack party, and I cast my eyes towards them just in time to see one of them toss a pound or two of dips into the soup boiler! The fondness of these Cossack savages for tallow made them often brave their Commander's orders and break into the Chandler's shops, which they completely ransacked of the candles they contained. Excepting these lawless pilferings I believe that strict military discipline was maintained from first to last by the Allied Sovereigns in

Paris, especially by the Emperor Alexander. This was successful generally in preventing crimes and excesses being committed by the troops. Personal attacks and robberies of every kind were punished summarily with death. If a Russian officer was accosted in the street by a Parisian who had been robbed, and the latter were able to *prove* the fact and point out the offender, not a moment's delay of justice was permitted; the officer would call the man to him, order him to kneel and say his prayers, and, then drawing a pistol from his girdle he coolly blew out the fellow's brains.

"From the Champs Elysées we proceeded to the Boulevards, where we met another portion of the Russian army coming into Paris. First, some regiments of the Imperial Russian Guard, very fine, tall, good-looking men whose handsome uniforms, brilliant accoutrements and peaked casques made a splendid appearance. The staff officers were in their finest attire and their chests were literally covered with stars, crosses and other decorations. The whole body struck us as having more the appearance of troops proceeding to a review or to join some splendid procession than a portion of the great allied army which had been for so long a period engaged in bloody warfare, exposed to every hardship, to the severest winter weather and to mutations of climate enough to destroy the health and dim the splendour of military attire. The Regiments we saw must have numbered many thousands, for they were a long time in defiling, and were followed by a considerable train of artillery. As soon as we could find space to recross the Boulevard, we felt the necessity of returning homeward, my friend directing his steps towards his distant lodging in the Faubourg du Roule, and I down the Rue Napoléon (since called the Rue de la Paix) to my home near the Place Vendôme.

"My report of the state of Paris was cheering to my wife, who afterwards generally accompanied me in my walks. We called at the houses of our most valued friends, especially on the excellent wife and nephew of kind General Durand de Ste. Rose, where we met with the warmest, heartiest reception possible. The General, who had befriended me at Versailles, had not yet been heard from. He had led the reserve to some point where it was intended to form a junction with the main army, at the head of which the Emperor Napoleon was supposed to be. A thousand reports, adverse or favourable according to circumstances, were put in circulation by the party newspapers first published. All these papers were of course under control of a new system of police, adopted by a Provisional Government, established under the auspices of the

Allied Sovereigns, and were for the most part printed on small half sheets ; and even these scraps often presented wide blank spaces, shewing where the pen or scissors of the Censors had been employed in effacing dangerous paragraphs. All the different shades of party feeling were evinced in these organs of the Parisian press, some were profusely filled with adulatory compliments ; addressed not only to the monarchs, but to the most distinguished generals commanding the foreign armies, and it was remarked that such effusions generally proceeded from writers employed to advocate the restoration of the Bourbon family. A few prints pleaded warmly for the continuance of Imperialism, under a regency during the nonage of Napoleon the Second, who was to be proclaimed on his father consenting to abdicate. The friends of a Republic put forward their wishes and plans in fiery language ; a Consulate was, I believe, proposed by some, a Directory by others ; but as all the views of this party seemed to be unpopular, their rage was exhaled in the spreading of the most alarming news, regardless of its untruth. For several days we were made to believe that Napoleon, at the head of his best troops, and all the new levies he could reassemble at his head quarters, was preparing to march upon Paris, determined to force his way into the capital, and, by setting fire to it at different points, create a confusion which he hoped would greatly assist him in driving out the Allies and turning the scales of fortune once more in his favour.

“Reports of every kind succeeded this alarming announcement hour after hour, until the public fermentation and excitement became fearful, and if the large army of allies then occupying the city had not maintained the greatest calm and observed a discipline and order which kept the turbulent at bay, the undermining work of daring factions might have led to scenes of blood in Paris. By degrees the true state of affairs began to be generally comprehended ; and meanwhile the intrigues of the Bourbonists appeared likely to overcome the opposition of all other contending parties. The Prince de Talleyrand and his colleagues in the Provisional Government were manifestly in favour of Louis XVIII's recall to be King of France, and it was said that English influence in his favour was prevailing over the objections raised by some of the Great Powers. It was understood that the Emperor Alexander was disposed to be lenient with Napoleon, and at all events to preserve his dynasty. If there had not been a strange degree of fatuity on the part of the Empress Maria Louise, and both treachery and mismanagement on the part of Napoleon's partisans, a Council of Regency might have been formed, and

the young Napoleon II would most certainly have been proclaimed Emperor of the French.

"While Sovereigns and Politicians were thus engaged in settling the destinies of France, it was pleasing to see Paris assume a more resigned, quiet and busy aspect. Trade revived a little when confidence was assured, and as the shops were re-opened the whole capital began to appear animated and gay. My wife and I ventured on longer walks and sometimes extended them rather too far. One morning, soon after breakfast, we set off to pay a visit in the Rue de Lancry, a good way beyond the Porté St. Martin. We followed the Boulevard in preference to any shorter cut through the streets, and proceeded pleasantly and without hindrance until we approached the Porte St Martin, except a short stoppage at the Porte St. Denis, occasioned by the movements of the Prussian cavalry. As we drew near the former gate we perceived an immense crowd, and could distinguish above the heads of the spectators the glitter of bayonets and lances. Loud cries, shouts and curses became audible, and the masses of people stretching across the Boulevard were swayed about by the careening horses of foreign cavalry posted there to keep the passage clear for a vast body of troops. Our curiosity was very much excited, and seeing other ladies and gentlemen pushing forward into the crowd, we followed their example. By doing so we were at once hurried along by pressure from behind, and soon obtained a full view of a scene as extraordinary as it was distressing to our feelings. I enquired of a gentleman standing near me what portion of the foreign army was thus presented to our eyes. He said it was the main army, which had begun during the early hours of morning before daylight to traverse Paris, and he was informed, would continue to pass through night and day until 350,000 men should have crossed to the southern side, whence they had orders to march onward in pursuit of the retreating French army.

"From the point where my wife and I stood we saw, first, a regiment of Russian infantry pass at a quick pace through the central arch of the Porte St. Martin. They looked way-worn, dark and soiled in dress, presenting an extraordinary contrast with the fine, tall, handsome fellows belonging to the Imperial Guard, so splendidly accoutred, whom I had seen on my first day's stroll along the Boulevards. When the infantry regiment had passed a body which seemed to be innumerable of wild ferocious looking Cossacks immediately followed. They were all mounted on the rough, hardy small animals so often described in

the French war bulletins, holding their long spears with which they frequently goaded the droves of cattle they were driving before them, and sometimes threatened the groups of poor weeping French peasants, who, on recognising their stolen cows and oxen loudly claimed them as their property. Hundreds of waggons filled with the plunder of the towns and villages through which these savage hordes had passed on their march to Paris, came on in succession and were closely guarded by different troops of foreign infantry, as well as Cossacks. Such was the pressure and confusion near the gate, as the waggons began to pass under the archway, that at last they were completely wedged in and forced to come to a deed stop. Oaths and curses, screams of women and the hoarse thundering voices of the officers giving their commands in half-a-dozen different languages, formed altogether a scene more easily imagined than described. We were again meditating a hasty retreat from the crowd, when some order was given by a superior officer, which caused the horse soldiers near the gate to back and leave a clear space of twelve or fifteen feet wide in the street; and as a considerable number of the spectators rushed across to the opposite side, we did the same, not reflecting at the moment that we might, on our return from Madame D. Robin's, find still greater difficulty in recrossing to our own side. Nor did this fail to happen, for after sitting half an hour with our kind friend and returning to the Porte St. Martin we found a more dense crowd there than in the early part of the morning.

"The foreign army continued moving onward in an endless chain, and during three mortal hours there was not the slightest chance of our being able to pass through such masses of cavalry, infantry and artillery as appeared in rapid succession. We bitterly regretted our folly in venturing, during the passage of a large army, to quit our western side of Paris under such circumstances. But regrets and impatience were equally useless, and we paid the penalty of weariness and annoyance in the middle of an immense crowd until an opening was permitted to be made for a few minutes to let the impatient gazers on the scene cross to their opposite sides. We were among the first to run through the zigzag path as it was forming, and not without some danger of being kicked or trampled upon by the backing horses. Thank God! however, we got safely over, and no sooner were we out of the crowd than we hastened to the first coach stand, glad to ride the rest of the way home.

"My excuse for this long description must be that I feel a pleasure in describing what I actually witnessed, and

in some measure shared in, which I could not feel in retracing many other occurrences which I only heard of in Society or became acquainted with by reading the daily journals.

"A grand, indeed a pompous, religious ceremony of the Greek Church took place in the *Palce de la Concorde*, and an altar, splendidly decorated, was erected where the obelisk of Luxor now stands: numerous priests in gorgeous habiliments were assembled there. The Emperor Alexander, surrounded by the Princes of his family, a brilliant staff, and, I believe, many of the foreign Princes, Sovereigns and Generals high in command in the allied army were present. The Imperial Russian Guard looked splendid, and so did several other regiments of different nations; but it was extremely difficult for me, as it must have been for all mere spectators of the scene, at the very distant points to which we were driven by the troops, entirely covering the vast area of the Place, as well as the *Champs Elysées*, to distinguish the faces or the uniforms of the princely personages congregated round the altar. Among the Princes and Generals, who rode close by me as they arrived at the Place, I was, however, able to see most distinctly the ugly Grand Duke Constantine, the handsome noble looking Platoff, Hetman of the Cossacks, and eight or ten German Princes, whose names and titles have entirely escaped my memory—as much so, truly, as those of the Generals who rode by or followed them. I only remember vividly the almost dazzling appearance of the decorations which covered their uniforms, and the stars, badges and broad ribbons worn by some of the Princes, who were pointed out to me as Sovereign Dukes in Germany.

"The review and the evolutions of so vast an army after the religious ceremony terminated, filled up the remaining hours of a beautiful day, and I certainly never witnessed a more magnificent military spectacle. The sight of the troops of so many different nations, all dressed in their best uniforms, was alone most attractive to me, and I should have been very sorry to have missed an opportunity of beholding a display perfectly unique of its kind and not likely to be repeated in my lifetime.

"Among the painful sights of that period was the arrival one morning, as I was standing near the corner of the *Rue du Helder*, on the Boulevard, of a long train of waggons filled with wounded soldiers, brought into Paris from some of the neighbouring fields of battle, and escorted by foreign cavalry. As these poor disabled men were lying generally at full length, side by side, on the straw which had

been placed in the waggons, some of which were covered vehicles, it was not easy to see much of them; but I distinguished enough to produce a heart-sickening sensation and a thrill of horror when the sudden jolt or stoppage of a waggon made the wounded utter deep groans or stifled cries. *

*“Remembrance of the above scene reminds me of one that I did not myself witness, but in which my dear wife acted the part of a true heroine. Before the allied army entered the capital—indeed, just before the last decisive battle on the heights led to capitulation, and while part of the French army still occupied Paris, my wife, impelled by her anxiety about me, started from our home in the Rue Neuve-des-petits Champs, at an early hour to pay a visit in the Place Vendôme to her friend Madame Durand (wife of my devoted protector, General Durand). As she left the house, she heard in the direction of Montmartre the roar of cannon at a distance, and justly concluded that the French were then fighting the enemy in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris. Not deterred by these booming sounds of battle, she hurried forward, but on turning the corner into the Place Vendôme an appalling sight met her eyes. The Place seemed to be literally covered with wounded soldiers, bleeding and helpless. A good tempered sentinel, seeing how much she was embarrassed and frightened at one point near the General’s door, cried out to her ‘He! Madame n’ayez pas peur de ces malheureux là; ils sont trop souffrants pour bouger le moins du monde.’

“Having at last overcome all difficulties, my dear wife found herself safe within the house of her friends, and running upstairs was received with her usual kindness by Mme. Durand and her family. One thing is as remarkable as it is always true, in regard to the brave and charming French people—their spirits and gaiety never desert them even amidst appalling dangers. De Guernon, who is, and was always, one of the most amusing, intelligent and amiable Frenchmen in existence, came into the drawing-room, on hearing that my wife was there, and while he was talking, loud and repeated discharges of artillery seemed to indicate the approach of the enemy nearer to Paris. Perceiving that both his aunt and my wife were seriously alarmed, he forced a smile, and jocularly exclaimed ‘Oui, Mesdames, voila l’omelette qui se débrouille!’ This extraordinary sally at such a moment, provoked a laugh, as he wished, and then knowing well the value of every instant—when a decisive battle might be lost and bring the allied army suddenly into the heart of the city—he seized the arm of my wife and hurried her away that he might see her safely home as quickly as possible. And he was quite right, for, leading her out of the Place Vendôme by its southern issue, to avoid the heaps of wounded at the opposite side, they soon met people running and seemingly panic-stricken. Farther on, turning into the Marché St. Honoré to regain the Rue Neuve-des-petits Champs, they heard cries of ‘The Cossacks are coming.’ Quickening their pace they arrived at the door of our house just as a large body of cavalry came galloping by—not the much dreaded Cossacks, but French troops in confused retreat from the field of battle with bloodshot eyes and blackened faces, the effects of long exposure to the weather, smoke and cartridge biting during the last weeks of their disastrous campaign. It was a sad spectacle they had before them and foreboded no good to the inhabitants of Paris, who barricaded their houses and prepared for the worst.

“As we advanced in the month of April it became more certain that the Bourbons would be restored. The abdication of Napoleon and his departure for Elba—the utter disorganization of the French army, removed every apprehension of a rush being made upon Paris by Napoleon and his infuriated troops, which had been very much dreaded during the first week. Bourbon proclamations, addresses and documents of every possible description were issued daily from the press, and the Royalists got up processions, headed by some of the ancient nobility on their finest horses.

“I must here inform the reader that my long and ruinous detention in France, the death of my beloved father in May 1807—broken-hearted at Verdun-sur-Meuse, without having been able to make any final settlement of his affairs—and my increasing losses of property in consequence, had so embittered my feelings in regard to the Bonaparte family, that in 1814 I was quite a Bourbonist. No one therefore will feel much surprised when I mention that I got up one morning impressed with the desire to join a Bourbon procession at a fixed hour on the Boulevards. All who wished to be of the party were invited to wear white cockades, and in compliance with the request I fixed one upon my hat. The moment I appeared in the street I did not fail to perceive the looks askance, the broad stare and the frowns of passers-by, but I walked on rapidly towards the Boulevard, near which, at the top of the Rue de la Paix (or Napoléon as it was then still called) I saw a large body of Royalists assembled. I fell into the ranks of the pedestrians and was received with a courteous bow by a gentlemanly man, in a half-military costume, whose salutation was imitated by others near me. The procession had begun to move. It proceeded slowly along the Boulevards des Italiens, Montmartre, Poissonnière, waving the white flag and bowing to the ladies at the windows of some houses right and left who wore white rosettes and shook their handkerchiefs in sign of their approbation, but we were approaching a quarter where the popular feeling began to be manifested in a directly opposite manner, and a ferocious, ruffian crowd, stationed at the corner of a street, soon showed symptoms of violent hostility. Stones, brickbats, dirt and other missiles flew about us most disagreeably, and I afterwards heard that the horsemen in front were so violently assailed that the whole body was thrown into confusion. We were all aware of the folly of attempting to proceed further, and, as one of the leaders rode up advising us to disperse, we did so immediately. I followed the example set me by my companions, tearing off the cockade from my hat, and turning down the first street I came to, soon was lost in the throng which filled it.

“ One proof that my zeal in the Royal cause was more known and appreciated than I had ever imagined it could be, was given me a few months after the Royal Government had become established. It clearly showed that a faithful report of the proceedings of the Royalists on the above occasion was drawn up and laid before the King. It also proved that I was personally known to one or more of the leading men in the procession.

“ About the middle or end of summer a servant wearing the Royal livery brought me a large and thick packet sealed with the Royal Arms, which on opening I found to contain four decorations (two for common wear and two for full dress) of the new but ephemeral “ *Ordre de Lys* ” and a highly flattering letter from the Prince de Poix, written, as he informed me, by the express command of the King, his Majesty having heard of the zealous part I had taken in joining a large body of Royalists who had formed in procession to proclaim their sentiments in favour of the Bourbon dynasty. The Prince added that his Royal Master had learnt in England to esteem our generous nation and felt a pleasure in thanking me, as an Englishman, for the manner in which I had acted on the occasion referred to. I preserve still the letter of the Prince de Poix and one or more of the decorations as mementoes of the events of 1814.”

BOOK III.—“SCOTTISH PEER.”

The inheritance of the son Alexander was of the most anamalous nature. Debts, bad, good and indifferent, and the best of them difficult of realization, formed the bulk of his French and continental effects. At least nine tenths of the amount of his father's claimed wealth were wasted in useless litigation, and by pressing cases which maturer judgment might perhaps have shelved.

The remnant of his property from every source amounted to a considerable sum, and had he had no aims beyond a dignified retirement in his own land his would have been a lot cast in pleasant ways ; but, from his childhood, he had been trained to consider himself, on the death of the last female heirs to the title, a Peer of Scotland, and a considerable proportion of the information collected by his late uncle, and communicated to his father, had no doubt been magnified in importance, and probably over-valued as to its accuracy during the long detention in a French fortress and enforced idleness elsewhere.

A brilliant passage by one of our historians describes the sentiments of the “exile,” who feeds on his own antecedents and conceits until his importance grows far out of all proportion to its merits, while those remaining at home become absorbed in supervening spheres of interest, and forget even his very existence. Such was partly the experience of Alexander Humphrys, but not altogether. With a view to some profitable occupation he established and directed a very good school at Netherton, in Worcestershire.

The notoriety which surrounded the great Stirling case—into which by a series of natural gradations Humphrys stepped, was—68 years ago—of paramount interest throughout our realm. It involved interests and action in Scotland, Ireland, France, England, and eventually in the American continent. However just and equitable the claims in their entirety might have been, it was clearly manifest that (with the exception of permission to bear the arms and resume a dormant title) an acknowledgement of them in any extended form was—in the highest interests of the State—inexpedient. They could not hold water in modern times, when the conditions under which they had been granted had long passed away, and in place of primeval forest and aboriginal inhabitants there throve an increasing and industrious race, to whom the very name of their great pioneer was legend and a myth. Moreover the territories in question had in the interim been more than once the

occasion of wars, revolutions, treaties, cessions and restorations. The fishing rights alone on the coasts of North America have within living memory, and in very recent years given much trouble to modern statesmen.

The discovery of North America by Cabot in 1497, gained England her grounds for disputing with France that the later discoveries of Jaques Cartier conferred on the latter country sovereign rights over the whole North American coast and interior. In fact so vague were all disputes connected with the region over sea, and so wild the land and savage its inhabitants that the trading company, chartered by James I., shirked the undertaking, and it is part of British lore, which we all remember with honest pride, how Sir William Alexander—a statesman of the highest order, and poet far transcending mediocrity, the favoured friend of his Sovereign—stepped forward with heart and purse, with enthusiasm and enterprise, to carry his country's flag into the wilds of Canada and New Scotland, and—armed with charters political, administrative and hereditary—proclaimed himself owner and Hereditary Viceroy of Nova Scotia, the Lordship and Barony of Canada, with fifty leagues of territory on both sides of the St. Lawrence and great lakes, a tract of Maine, the Island of Stirling (Long Island), Islands adjacent, together with all unoccupied lands in the foregoing territories, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and all mines of gold, silver, lead and copper, tin, &c., in countries which are now known as Wisconsin, Michigan, Massachusetts, and *expressly* large tracts south of Croix, and lands three miles in breadth from Lake Superior to California.

A short respite may enable us to grasp and recover our composure ere we enumerate the rights on another element bestowed on the first Earl of Stirling (*e.g.*), “including and comprehending within the said coasts and their circumference from sea to sea, all the continent, with rivers, brooks, bays, shores, islands or seas, lying near or within six leagues of any part of the same on the west, north and east side of the coasts; and from the south east, where lies Cape Breton, and the south part of the Baure, where is Cape Sable, all the seas and islands northward within 40 leagues of the said coasts thereof, . . . all marshes, caves, waters, fisheries, as well in salt water as in fresh, of royal fishes as of others.”

Thus it will be seen that while territorial rights, even in those early times, had their limits, there was practically no limit to the maritime rights along the strand 120 miles from the shore at any point, and indeed the contour

of the coast line, as subsequently determined by exploration would have rendered Lord Stirling supreme from Long Island or thereabouts to San Francisco, comprising a great part of the present United States eastern coast, and circumventing the whole of Canada, Newfoundland, and thence southerly through the Behrings Straits to Alaska and the Golden Gate. We are particular in describing these maritime rights, as it may be necessary briefly to refer to them hereafter. The Stuarts doubtless thought there was no water between Sable Island and Cape Breton, but this is a mere detail. The English Government only learnt in Anson's time that Cape Breton was an island.

The charters gave Lord Stirling the full vice-regal powers of His Majesty's Hereditary, Lieut.-General, Justice General, High Admiral, Lord of Regality, and Hereditary Steward. They gave him the right to create high officers of state and justice, titles of honour, and whatsoever laws to him seemed fit. The Baronets he was entitled to create were to take precedence of all other Baronets; and of the descendants of those actually created by his patent we believe at least fifty hold their titles to this day.

As we have said before, the first Earl of Stirling devoted his talents and exhausted his revenues in the colonization of his new regions. His Scotch estates were considerably involved before he died. He was succeeded by his grandson, who died young and the eldest surviving male (to whom the title reverted) organised the Colony of Nova Scotia, fortified it in part, but was driven out by the French who renamed it (as they knew it before) Acadia, and it was finally returned to England after the seven years' war. Meantime Charles, having failed to protect his vassal granted him £10,000 out of the Royal Treasury, but, as in many other instances of Stuart generosity, the sum was never received.

The civil wars of the 17th century placed a period to the fortunes of the Earls of Stirling, whose debts, incurred to mature their colonial schemes, brought about the irretrievable loss of all their landed property, and caused the condition of comparative obscurity in which the Alexanders were living at the time of their alliance with Mr. Humphrys, as explained in our opening chapters.

The generations lineally traced backwards from the subject of our memoir were himself

Alexander Humphrys.

Hannah Alexander.

The Rev. John Alexander of Dublin.

The Honble. John Alexander of Gartmore.

John Alexander of Antrim.

The 6th Earl of Stirling (de jure—number 3 above) commonly called the Reverend John Alexander, had been naturally assured of his parentage, also of his relationship to his own grandfather, but—good easy man—he allowed the title to lapse, and had not been careful to place his descent on record in a form obvious beyond all the possible doubts of posterity, or rather of interested opponents. This neglect, added to other misfortunes before mentioned, threw the *onus probandi* on to his descendant. It was therefore incumbent on the latter to produce much collateral and corroborative evidence to substantiate the resumption of hereditary rights which he now contemplated.

One of the first steps taken by Alexander Humphrys after his prosecution of the family claims was the resumption of the family names and arms.

As Alexander Alexander therefore he appeared in Edinburgh with what evidence he and his people had collected. This being produced for inspection by the Sheriffs, they pronounced that all legal formalities had been complied with in accordance with Scottish law. He was afterwards declared heir to Hannah, countess, as heiress to her brother (last heir male to the first Earl of Stirling), and this service, as it is called, signed by the Chancellor and fifteen jurymen was duly recorded. It confirmed technically all the rights of *all* his ancestors. He was afterwards “infest” in the whole *county* of Nova Scotia, including New Brunswick, Canada, &c., &c., and with no less would he be content.

In 1825 Lord Stirling had publicly resumed his title. He voted at the election of Peers of Scotland, and continued to do so for fourteen years. After being received by the Peers of Scotland and congratulated on all sides, Lord Stirling would have done well to adopt the advice of a noble friend of his (Lord Forbes) who recommended him to appear at court in London—not because such presence was necessary in the case of a Scotch Peer, but as a matter of courtesy, loyalty and custom. His then legal adviser strongly pointed out that he ought to do no homage except as Hereditary Viceroy of all the Canadas, semi-royal descendant in fact to his great ancestor, and as such he could not only remain a mere nobleman, but command the payment with interest of all the money promised by the Stuarts with compound interest thereon, in addition to the revenues of waste land, with royalties on mines, fisheries, &c., into the bargain. Strange as it may appear, Lord Stirling thoroughly acquiesced in this view, and actually (on the 30th August, 1831) petitioned the King to be allowed to do homage in the above capacity. Needless to say, the reply to such an astounding application,

which I subjoin, was cold and formal. "Council Office, Whitehall, 30th August, 1831.—My Lord: I am directed by the Lords of the Committee of Council, appointed to consider His Majesty's coronation, to acquaint you that His Majesty has approved of a ceremonial on the occasion of the approaching coronation in which your Lordship is assigned no part. I am also to acquaint your Lordship that you are at liberty to bring forward any claim of which you may deem yourself legally possessed upon any future occasion. I have the honour to be your lordship's obedient servant (signed), C. C. GREVILLE." "The Earl of Stirling."

In September of the same year, after further completing his title to the Lordship and Barony of Nova Scotia, he proceeded to instal a sort of Vice-Regal Establishment entitled "The Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Canada Hereditary Lieutenant's office of the Lord Proprietor, for sale, grant and locations of laws, &c., &c.," and in which place "Lord Stirling's counsel and advisers met on certain days every month, and where the manager and secretaries conducting the business of the office attended daily from 10 till 5 o'clock." Meantime he publicly addressed responsible Colonial authorities in all the Anglo-Scottish settlements of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, also in Prince Edward Island." In October the same year he formally handed to the Prime Minister his claim respecting the American possessions, and on the 26th November suggested to the Earl Grey (Prime Minister) that he (Lord Stirling) should be included in the expected new creation of English Peers.

Before the year closed he had approached the Colonial Office with a view to concerting better measures for the Government of the Colonies. On the 21st November, 1852, he petitioned for £110,000, representing principal and interest upon a grant of Charles I. to his ancestor, the King's letter, 19th February, 1632, being produced.

On the 6th January, 1834, he strongly protested to the Colonial Secretary (Stanley), "on the occasion of a grant made by Government of 500,000 acres of land to the Irish Colonial Association, and containing his animadversions and indignant protest against all the acts of Ministers to his prejudice, wishing that such protest should remain as a record of his sentiments."

He and his agents wrote frequently to Sir Robert Peel and to Lord Aberdeen and Lord Melbourne, on various matters, and particularly "against the measures of Government affecting the Canadas." On the 27th January, 1838, he again protested against the "measures of Government affecting the Canadas, and asking for an immediate confidential interview

with his lordship (Lord Melbourne)," and this letter was probably debated upon in a Cabinet Council held a few days after ; and finally, (12th May, 1838) he sent a petition on the occasion of Queen Victoria's coronation, identical with that he had formerly presented for the Coronation of William IV., namely, "praying to be allowed to do homage as Hereditary Lieutenant and Lord Proprietor of Nova Scotia, &c.

In fact such pretensions set the Government seriously on its metal, and it was about this time that shades of suspicion crossed their minds as to the authenticity of the documents on which these vast claims were founded. The measures taken were prompt, probably illegal and harsh. After secret visits to France in relation to one or two suspected documents, and the enlistment of three witnesses of very doubtful reputation, with a sprinkling of experts, the Crown suddenly arrested Lord Stirling for forgery, and forced him to deliver up the keys of his cabinets by threats of wrenching off the locks, and here is his account of the incidents.

"Between seven and eight in the morning of the 14th February, 1839, I was arrested in my own house in Edinburgh. The Sheriff's officer and his man had taken advantage of the first opening of the house door by a servant before seven o'clock to rush into the hall, and Lady Stirling and I were roused from sleep by the loud screams of our terrified children and servants, who wished to prevent the men from ascending the stairs. On hearing the real cause of such an uproar, and believing, in consequence of opinions I had taken, that the attempt to seize my person was absolutely illegal, I armed myself with a sword, and locking my door I intimated to the officer whom I heard struggling on the other side with someone who opposed his wish to approach and force his way in, that if he persisted, I should defend myself against him as I would against a common housebreaker. Thus three-quarters of an hour passed away in disputing the passage to my chamber, and meantime Mr. Lockhart, who had been sent for by my wife, arrived. A parley ensued between him and the Sheriff's men, which ended by the former intervening. Having found the papers, which the Sheriff's officer shewed him, perfectly regular, and that he held a warrant authorizing my capture, he advised me to submit rather than by useless resistance to the indignity, produce graver evils. . . . I at length yielded I was first removed to a coffee house at a short distance from the County Hall, where the Sheriff holds his court. . . . My son and Counsel were not permitted to follow me to the room to which I was conducted. . . . Before nine o'clock I was obliged to pass through a crowd of

people assembled in the street on my way to the Sheriff's Court, where . . . the interrogatory proceeded. . . . At eight o'clock in the evening I was permitted on account of the frightful state of exhaustion to which fasting and fatigue had reduced me, to eat a little dinner brought from the coffee house ; but, after one or two hours suspension I was, to my extreme surprise, summoned again to enter the Court-room. Two other examinations followed, and it was not till midnight that the Sheriff—a respectable man—was persuaded to sign the order which consigned me to a prison. . . . I was fetched away from thence at 10 o'clock in the morning, but the torments of long and repeated examinations at different hours were continued until two o'clock on the following morning ! The snow covered the ground, and, half frozen, half dead with fatigue, jaded and sick from extreme exhaustion, I dropped upon the prison bed on re-entering my miserable room a little before three in the morning, wholly incapable for some time to disencumber myself of my dress. To sleep was impossible even when my benumbed limbs had recovered a little warmth, for then the hours of repose had sped entirely away."

After a harrassing and wearisome trial, which has over and over again been reported and commented upon in the public press, the Jury—though finding that a certain document was forged—absolutely *refused to convict* Lord Stirling of any complicity in such forgery ; and in spite of urgent exhortations to the contrary, acquitted him on every charge. The Government, however, had in preparation further steps in the not distant future. Meantime the protracted tension under which Lord Stirling had existed since his arrest and during the trial told on him in the great crisis of his life. "There was great sympathy felt for the aged prisoner as he stood there in the felon's dock, charged with a crime of which those who knew him most intimately believed him to be incapable. This was shown in a most touching manner by the appearance by his side in the dock of that distinguished military officer, Sir Charles d'Aguiar, the then Commander of the forces in Ireland, who came over expressly to testify to his belief in the character of his friend. . . . Day by day, as duly as the prisoner was placed at the bar, the grand old soldier, in the true spirit of chivalry, took his place by his side. His appearance could not but have its effect on the jury ; and besides, while the evidence was full and precise as to the forgery, and while it went far to implicate others, . . . there was nothing to militate against the idea that the prisoner was the dupe of cleverer and less scrupulous wit than his own. The verdict was given

in that spirit. The jury found that the documents relied on were palpable forgeries; but they acquitted the prisoner of all knowledge of them as forgeries.

“When the prisoner heard this verdict, which, while it cleared his moral character, shattered all the high hopes of honour and dignity he had entertained, nature gave way, and he fell fainting into the arms of his friend.”

One of the principal proofs on which Lord Stirling had relied was a “map of Canada, made and published by the celebrated Guillaume de l’Isle, of the Academie des Sciences. On the back of this map are several original documents, dated in 1706, 1707, 1712, authenticated by the autograph of Flechier, Bishop of Nismes, and by Fenelon, Bishop of Cambray.” This was branded as a forgery by reason of de l’Isle’s insertion of the words “Premier Géographe du Roi”; he only having, according to the expert witnesses and official records in France, only been accorded that title by patent in 1718, some years after the demise of both the other attestors; and this evidence was taken as conclusive, and acted upon by the jury in their verdict. Meantime Mons. Villenave (one of the largest collectors of autographs in Europe and an acknowledged authority on such matters), had verified all the signatures, and on hearing of the accusation wrote an indignant letter to Edinburgh, which unfortunately did not reach Lord Stirling till the opportunity of using it had passed. “Permit me, my Lord, to say that if they thus attack your honour, they ascribe to your intelligence an immense and gigantic extent. There are extant in France, in England, and most probably in the libraries of Edinburgh, maps of Guillaume de l’Isle of a date anterior to 1718, and upon which Guillaume de l’Isle takes this double title ‘de l’Académie des Sciences et Premier Geographe du Roi.’ I have in my cabinet a very considerable number of these maps. Those of Canada, 1703; of Paraguay and Chili, 1703; of Peru, Brazil, and the country of the Amazon, 1703; India and China, 1705; Tartary, 1706; Barbary, Nigritia and Guinea, 1707. Well upon all these maps anterior to 1718 are the words engraved ‘for Guillaume de l’Isle, de l’Academie des Sciences, Premier Géographe du Roi.’”

It is not, however, worth while to pursue all the comments of Villenave and others then and thereafter, and it may be well to point out that sufficient has been written bear out our contention that the great Stirling case made a great *stir*, and the life of the great actor in its vortex lived not the common life allotted to mortals. One more touching incident closed the chapter. “When the

mutilated verdict was announced there was such a stamping and shouting as yet rings in the ears of all who heard it, from highest to lowest. It drowned the cries and espostulations of the bench, towards which, indeed it was so menacing that the Chief Justice remained some time afterwards in the building, and retired privately; while the tenant of the dock was made the object of an enthusiastic and popular ovation, which, on recovering from a fainting fit, he promptly but unwisely declined. The crowd received the Earl of Stirling at the front door of the court with hurrahs and waving of hats and handkerchiefs; they unharnessed the horses from his carriage . . . and left in triumph . . . by the High Street, while . . . through the back entrance the Chief Justice himself ingloriously departed."

The Government point, however, had been gained. Try as they would they could not impeach Stirling's character, so they worked in the sequel for his ruin. They succeeded in reducing the services for which he had struggled so strenuously, and for so long, and drove him to shake in sorrow the dust from his feet as he bade his native land adieu.

BOOK IV.—“EXILE.”

The shock experienced in Scotland did not prevent Lord Stirling from continuing his researches or from advancing his case. His residence in Brussels and Paris brought a full crop of anxiety to him, and renewed interest and astonishment to the Belgians and the French. Every friend he had known in palmy days, and who afterwards met him abroad continued to pay him sympathetic attention, and no doubt, by their conversation, added to the romance attaching to Stirling's name in the minds of foreigners—old friends of his captivity under Napoleon revived his slumbering recollections of other days, and their sweet consort together fills up much of his private journal. Many Americans of note, artists, lawyers, and historians were his intimates and those of his sons ; but as he says in his memoirs “I could not recover the run upon my resources which the malignant . . . boasted would be continued to tread me down.”

He removed to smaller apartments in the “Quai de Biltz, whence there unfolded before him a view embracing part of the Champ Elysées, the Cour de la Reine, the Quai de la Conference, the Pont des Invalides, parts of the Place de la Concorde, the garden and Palace of the Tuileries, and the whole range of the Quai d'Orsay on the opposite side of the river, the Chamber of Deputies, and further afield the Panthéon and entrance to the Champ de Mars, the Pont d'Jena, Barrière de Passy, and the wooded scenery about Sèvres and St. Cloud.”

Before 1842 he had placed his case before distinguished members of the French Bar, and more than one Belgian and French paper seized on the subject as a fruitful one for their readers. His reply to one, which we translate, portrays pretty clearly his own state of mind at the time.

To the Editor of the *Faual* (*Le Courier Belge*, 6th October, 1842). “Sir,—You have inserted in your number of the 31st August, and the French Journal, “*La Presse*,” has reproduced on the 3rd September, an article concerning my just, long and hitherto useless claims against the English Government. This article is drawn up in a spirit of justice and benevolent interest in a cause well worthy to inspire it, but it contains some inaccuracies which it behoves me to correct in order that no one should be tempted to attribute them to me.

“It is true, sir, as you say, that distinguished members of the Paris Bar have been consulted.

"It is true, as you again say (1) that England owes my ancestors, on account of concessions which had been made to them more than two centuries ago, by Charters of two Kings, her finest American colony—Canada—which was then a vast desert, and which, by the employment of all the fortune of the first Earl of Stirling, had already become an important colony, when it became subjugated to the Dominion of France; (2) It is true that not the slightest indemnity has ever hitherto been accorded, at least paid, to my ancestors who were ruined by this stupendous and noble enterprise; (3) There is accuracy without contention in the motives which prevented the claims of my ancestors, during the possession for a century and a half by the French, and subsequently during the minority of many of my family, and further, during the wars of the Republic and Empire; (4) It is true that, having claimed my rights, they were at first fully recognised, but all suddenly changed a few years ago when I wanted to secure that which was mine in virtue of a formal title signed by the hand of Charles the 1st.

"Since then, and only since then, my descent has been attacked and misunderstood. It has been necessary to establish it as if there had not been long ago judgment proofs and recognitions by the Tribunals and Peers of Scotland, also by Ministers and Privy Council. It is there that right, common sense, integrity and justice have been understood in regard to me by the last ministry. A ruinous law suit, both from its enormous costs and protracted nature, commenced, and an abyss opened before me. The proofs that I produced were odiously incriminated and I was prosecuted; since, if I had not been prosecuted, my rights would have become too fearful. There is the logic and justice of the last ministry. Every manœuvre to ruin myself, wife and family was harshly tried. There are few examples of corruption so deep. I was then imprisoned, accused, judged, and acquitted, and so to speak, carried in triumph through Edinburgh.

"But it is not exact to say (1) that the Government made me an offer to recognize my title to the Scotch peerage provided I should renounce all my other rights.

"I have no cause of complaint against the existing ministry: it is not they who incarcerated me, and wanted to condemn a man whose rights were established by Royal Charters and who were apprehensive of the consequences to the English Crown if their confirmation should come about.

"But this recognition which the English people and the people of Europe know and recall, is what I demand as the only means of avoiding an immense scandal, and of conciliating right, the justice of humanity, which Governments, no less

than individuals, will never understand, neither will it defy nor wound in vain.—I am, sir, with consideration, your very obedient servant, STIRLING.”

Lord Stirling's services being reduced he appealed to the House of Lords on these grounds: (1) That the Crown had no right to bring an action of reduction; (2) That the pedigree was established; (3) That the case was taken up without hearing during Lord Stirling's absence on the Continent; (4) That extraordinary proceedings had been adopted to prevent a fair trial of the case.” Lord Brougham, in the presence of three ex-chancellors, none of whom dissented, distinctly stated that the court of session had no right to find that Lord Stirling was not the lawful and nearest heir in general and special to the first Earl; that the Crown had no right taking the action; and that Lord Stirling had a good defence on that head; and that the Acts of the Court were arbitrary and oppressive. On proceeding with the case it was found that one of the interlocutors had been omitted in the appeal, and the hearing of the case was postponed for the purpose of having the omission corrected.

The interest manifested by Mons. Villenave in the Stirling case was unremitting to his death at the age of 84, which occurred in 1846, before which irreparable event he had been mainly instrumental in completely elucidating the proofs carrying the ban of suspicion in the Scottish Law Courts in the hands of the jury. As to the title and patent of Guillaume de l'Isle, M. Villenave proved incontestably that the great geographer had assumed the title in question very early in the 18th century . . . A manuscript from his own hand—the result of his wide investigations on this subject—was the result.

Meantime Stirling seems to have indulged in a sort of retrospect, which took the form of a letter 211 pages long to his loyal old friend, and which, for style and composition far excels the narrative he wrote on the Napoleonic era—a subject of much more general interest. Needless to say, his theme awoke latent grievance in all the elasticity of impotent effort, and abounded in bursts of virtuous indignation; and it is really hard to conceive that some of his accusations against those high in office might be specious inventions of his brain. Not to speak of his incisive reasonings on the case, such a passage as the following no doubt actuated the further acrimonious proceedings of his powerful opponents.

“It has always resulted from my consultation with eminent Chamber Counsel and barristers as to the possibility of taking some bold and stringent measures that by following the ordinary course of the law *less* might be expected than by

making a public exposé and a great stir, calculated to draw forth the attention and sympathy of an enlightened public. . . . The losses I have incurred . . . were increased ten-fold by eight years of litigation . . . on the side of the Crown, tyrannical and unjustifiable, because unprovoked and groundless. Now it is well known from the avowals of different Crown agents, compounded in part by returns made to the House of Commons that the English Government must have spent more than £100,000!!! and all that to attain the most wicked and debasing object in the world—that of depriving an honourable family of their lawful inheritance, and effecting the ruin of their head and father!!! . . . In 1832 I was simple enough to allow my patriotic feelings to gain the ascendancy and influence my conduct. I spared official criminals. . . . In England rogues were employed to undermine me, to set intriguers and spies at work, who under various disguises, and assuming every variety of character, got admission into my house and society, and, either as visitors or domestic servants in my family, executed the commands of their secret employers. Hence began the ruinous law-suit in Scotland, in England, and finally in France; and their expeditions were sent to all those countries for the purpose of destroying at one and the same time by infamous means of calumny and corruption, the reputation I had ever enjoyed, and all the proofs that might be found still existing in the archives of those countries as well as in the muniments, registers and deed chests of families, of my pedigree and rights of property!! Yes, sir! It was by such means that enormous sums were squandered, and that at the price of gold, all sorts of books and valuable papers were, I am assured, carried away from Archives and Libraries here. It was by similar means that tombstones or marble monuments bearing inscriptions were turned or buried or burnt to pieces; that registers in Ireland were either entirely carried away, or had leaves torn out of them in order that facts comprising my rights might be annihilated. . . . Yes, sir! If the facts I have just glanced at be well considered, you will discover in them the secret cause of sacrifices to the amount . . . as some persons have asserted of more than £120,000!!! Certain it is that the expenses which might have attended any *purely legal opposition*, strictly limited to lawful and justifiable resistance to my claims, could not have amounted to one twentieth or indeed a thirtieth part of the sum really squandered. Such was the notoriety of their profusion in this business that Mr. Wallace, member for Greenock, moved in the House of Commons for a minute inquiry respecting it, and specially on another occasion for a

return of the expenses incurred by the Lord Advocate of Scotland at the time of my trial. . . . The Ministers succeeded in deterring Mr. Wallace from proceeding with his object."

* * * * *

It is not difficult to understand how Louis XVIII., restored to the throne of his ancestors by the bayonets of all Europe, had re-introduced just so much of the old régime as might be calculated to exasperate his people; for the French had drunk deep for nearly a quarter of a century of the cup of freedom, followed by their own voluntary submission to one whom they knew to be, and acclaimed, as their master.

Charles X., his successor, was yet more imbued with the ancient doctrines of absolute Hereditary Monarchy. The lessons, which his country had taken to heart with inceptive facility, had been altogether lost on him; but, in order to appreciate the troubles which led to his downfall it is necessary—at the risk of some divergence from our narrative—to dwell for a moment on his antecedents, his sentiments, and surroundings. In early life the sprightly and voluptuous d'Artois, as he then was, dispensed comfort and charity with an unaffected kindness, which won the hearts of both French besiegers and their Spanish allies at the great siege of Gibraltar; and when the memorable sortie from the gallant British Garrison carried in a brief half-hour, and destroyed all the patient labour of months and years, d'Artois hurried to the post of danger, in the hope of engaging the English before their skilful retreat rendered fruitless any further action of the allies. No doubt in after life his mind retained lively recollections of that stupendous siege, of the stubborn Eliott, the enthusiastic d'Arçon, and of Crillon's benevolent and intrepid presence. But perhaps these thoughts, and the vivid picture of daring presented by the devotion of Curtis in the very jaws of lurid conflagration, and of Howe's timely relief had soon become obliterated in the voluptuous gaiety of Compiègne or Trianon. The bitterness of his declining years, so pithily described by Carlyle, must have dimmed much retrospect; but surely, in his priest-ridden and bigoted retirement, his thoughts must sometimes have reverted to the old frowning Rock, the Roll Call, the tramp of teeming hosts, and the buoyant visions of youth. As a young man he always treated his services at Gibraltar as a vain parade. He was a coxcomb, a duellist, an empiric on the tight-rope, a pioneer in aerial navigation. In politics he, by his opposition to progress, soon incurred the hostility of the deputies and the mob. Early in 1789, while the party of

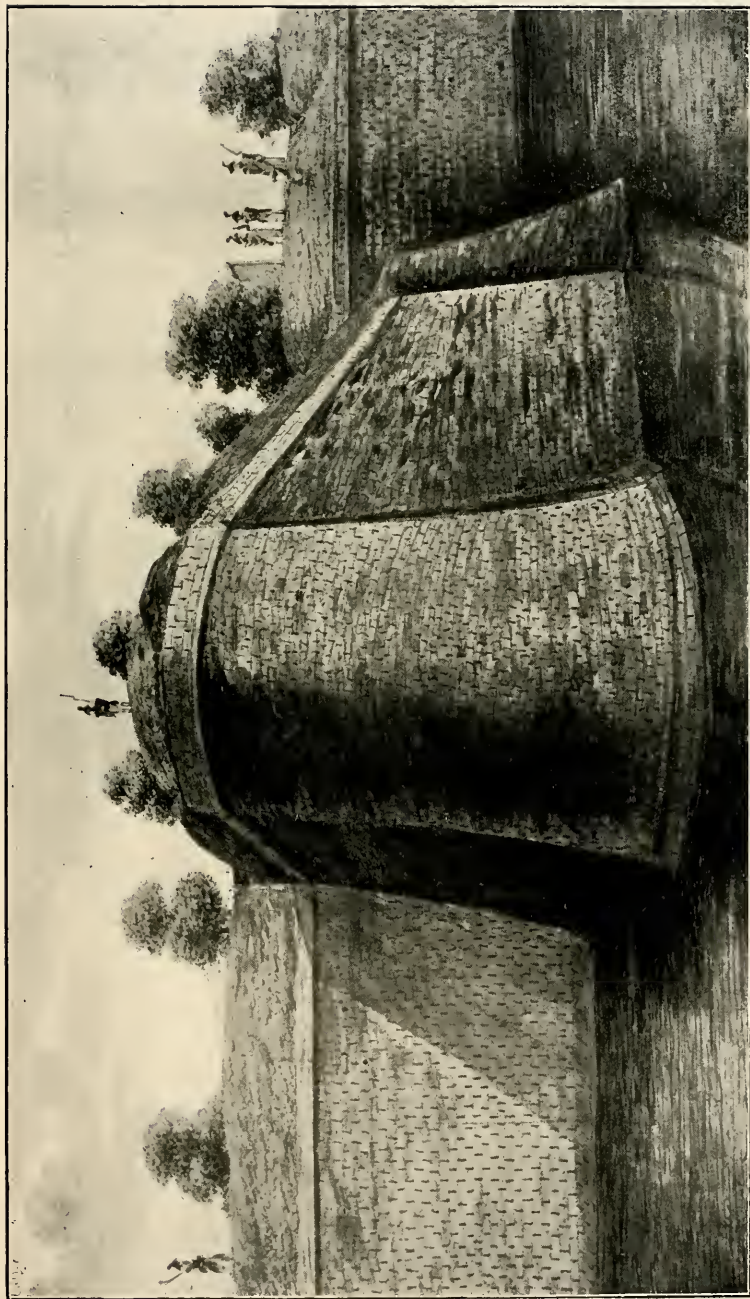
Orleans was secretly fanning the flame, d'Artois, with whom were all the remaining nobles of the land, organized an irresistible attack on the masses, which would probably have stifled the Revolution in the bud. The King's consent was actually obtained to the measures proposed by d'Artois, but the plan of these had barely matured when the feeble monarch retracted his orders. The day following fell the Bastille, and the Great Revolution began. D'Artois was thoroughly consistent in his conduct, and who knows but that the consummation of his wishes might have changed the course of history? All subsequent events connected with the attempted restoration of the Bourbons are, as a rule, so described by partial historians as to couple the name of d'Artois with the miscarriage of measures, which failed even before his appearance on the scene. Thereby a reputation and character, already misconstrued, was blackened beyond redemption.

Thus maligned, morose, and possibly revengeful—mourning the loss of de Berri, his son—d'Artois ascended the throne as Charles X., his old-fashioned convictions being further straitened by Jesuitical surroundings. He was consistent with the principles of his early years, and in carrying these out he gave way to Orleans, a man aping the very actions by which his own father had heralded the downfall of a former King.

Louis Philippe came in at the head of a storm lulled for a while by his attempt to curb it on constitutional lines, but on the wings of which he himself was destined to be carried to his exile.

In the midst of his reign Lord Stirling took up his last residence in Paris.

Great public events happened in France during the last residence of Stirling in the capital. The life of the heir to the French throne was unsuccessfully attempted in 1841. The Duke d'Aumale died by accident. Later the seventh and last murderous attack failed to terminate the life of Louis Philippe. Louis Napoleon was at large, but not yet a dangerous element to the body politic. An undercurrent of revolution against Revolution's nominee was rumbling ready to effervesce; as ever, dominant and seething amongst its own in the midst of the votaries of every phase of life, sage, industrious or gay. In the quiet enjoyment of his own circle, with leisure moments free from introspective recrimination, Stirling betook himself to the contemplation of his volatile and genial hosts. As he had witnessed the close of the first Republic, the inauguration of its First Consul, and his elevation to the purple, so he was destined to live in close



VERDUN. Dépôt for English Prisoners of War. Facsimile from sketch taken in 1804 by Alexander Humphrys, afterwards Lord Stirling



proximity to the actors in the second ; to witness the fall of " Orleans " and the rise of Napoleon the 3rd.

" Wonderful indeed was the change operated by time and free intercourse with foreign nations during a long peace in the manners, appearance, and character of the French people. When I first visited their beautiful country in 1802—although the repose obtained after the violent agitation and horrors of a sanguinary Revolution might appear but temporary and liable to be again disturbed at any time by the restless spirit of faction—yet the extraordinary man who had seized the reins of government and who then ruled the nation as First Consul of the Republic, had already set the impress of his great mind upon its institutions. Thus was the Revolutionary Hydra, even at that early period, mastered and firmly bound in his giant grasp. A halo of glory spread its radiance around his name—the fame of his war deeds, and of his resolute purpose had given to the industrious and well-disposed a degree of confidence in the return of domestic quiet, which, previous to his advent to power, had been long unknown to France. In this state of things the traveller perceived, it is true, vivid traces of the effect produced upon the national manners by the recent convulsions, the fierce and bloody struggle for liberty, and the levelling system of its advocates ; yet were there also remaining among those classes whose position gave them the lead in society, sufficient traces of the sauvity, elegance and polish which had distinguished the French previous to the Revolution ; and which, tempered as it was by Republican ideas and affectation of equality by the parvenus of the day, still prevailed as much as to render French society the most agreeable and most delightful to the foreigner of any in Europe.

" As years rolled on and Napoleon became more and more firmly seated on his Imperial throne, some difference, by no means agreeable in national character and manners, gradually resulted from despotic military government, the preference given to military men and their families over families of men holding civil employment or those engaged in profession and commerce.

" As the parents of the young and new generation of Frenchmen—those in short whose early habits and manners had received their colouring from the old monarchical institutions of the country, and the courtly polish of the Bourbon régime, and whose example still greatly influenced general society in 1802-3, began to disappear from the scene, the attentive observer failed not to perceive the change to which I allude. The power and arrogance of the ancient nobility, which the great Revolution had destroyed, were

succeeded by the more offensive arrogance of a mushroom race of military nobles, chiefly from the camps, or whose wealth and eminence had been derived from successful struggles in various legislative and administrative offices during the Revolution.

"But let us now pass to the consideration of the changes effected in Parisian society between the period of the first empire and the year 1846, when my attention was drawn to this particular subject once more.

"What was the Parisian world then at that period? Let me consider. It was in every class the tone of one continued round of dissipation and pleasure. There was a circle known as '*Les Merveilleux*.' Young people, as to pleasure, of all ages and tinctures from 20 to 60, from the fair flaxen-headed girl or youth, or the jet-black haired and brown-skinned beauties and young dandies of the day, to the grey-headed beaux and belles (whose share of fashion and gaiety without the coiffeur's dyes to conceal the changes made by time, were sanctioned by the '*Mode*' and Royal examples) assembled in gorgeous Salons dazzling with the gilder's and painter's arts. Here the stranger was admitted to all the rights and favours of the *Coterie*, dispensed with magnificent hospitality; but his early notions and familiar knowledge of the French language as he remembered to have heard it spoken in by-gone years, were often at a fault in this set. They spoke a fashionable jargon called *l'Anglo-français*, in which the words introduced from our own tongue were so altered and murdered by the Parisian accent and pronunciation, that none but a practised ear could follow and understand what was said. . . . The favourite subject of conversation was the horse, and all that related to that noble animal. You might hear a fair Amazon praising some noted racer of which she spoke in the passionate language of an enthusiast, calling the famed animal by its stylish name, and offering to bet on its winning the next day's race at the *Champ de Mars*. If you asked questions you would find some dashing blade ready to satisfy your curiosity, by a display of his knowledge of the horse's pedigree, and of the qualities of its dam and grand dam celebrated on the course of Newmarket or Doncaster. Lord Henry Seymour was generally quoted as an authority for a fact, which of course could not be questioned afterwards. . . . These '*Merveilleux*' were dangerous companions for the young and inexperienced, . . . but they were said to possess so much influence in the Parisian world of fashion that there was some difficulty, without being initiated, in obtaining an *entrée* to the most stylish houses, and admissions behind the scenes at the opera and elsewhere.

"Men and women who, in fashion's realms thirty or forty years anterior to 1846, would have strictly attended to all the refined observances of politeness when meeting in or out of doors, now spoke loudly and boldly, especially on the race course, where it was thought fashionable to shake hands à l'Anglaise, where the proudest beauty looked sharply about her and was accosted by men of 'ton' with a slight salutation in a most familiar manner without doffing the hat, and commonly with a cigar in the mouth. I have seen at the fashionable hour for parading up and down the grand avenue, Champs Elysées, a fair lady, mounted on a beautiful white horse which she managed with exquisite grace and ease, smoking a cigarette and exchanging approving nods with the lordly personage by her side. Often disgustingly long beards of modern fashionable men were allowed to grow in such a shape as to hide the mouth entirely, giving to the wearers the appearance of the old Jews you meet in London streets crying 'old clo ! old clo !' I could not help thinking that such men were almost as hideous as the encaged baboons and ourang-outangs at the Jardin des Plantes.

"The receptions of the rich bankers, stock brokers, exchange brokers, &c., present to the enquiring traveller a caste of society unknown in former days. All the conversation with men and women turns upon speculations in stock, in rail-roads, and in the rise and fall of the public funds. You are astonished to find as keen a feeling on those subjects among the youngest and handsomest women present as among the men, each sex being holders of scrip, shares or French and foreign stock. Many a time when in my walks I have approached the Bourse at the opening of business, I have watched an old spectacled dowager draw tablets from her reticule and hastily write some memoranda after conversation with a grave business looking man and young woman, *miserabile dictu*, conferring with rough hard featured brokers, and noting down, pencil in hand, some report made by him of the state of the money market. Brought up as it were according to arithmetical rule—cradled in accounts, accustomed from early age to submit their tenderest emotion to the power of positive calculations, the women of the financial order consider their marriage as the first accomplished affair, and the pursuit of business occupies all their attention thenceforward. Their husbands, in order to occupy their time, give them an interest in their speculations ; and three or four per cent. upon profits enables them to provide all they want for the toilet. It is therefore not astonishing that all should follow with passionate interest the affairs of the Exchange, and watch the rise

and fall of securities with the same anxiety as the female gamblers of high 'ton,' the 'Lionesses' of the race course do the betting and speculating upon horses.

"If any traveller felt curious to know what was the power of learning and literature towards the close of Louis Philippe's reign he had only to attend one sitting of the academy or visit the theatres, or get himself invited to the literary assemblies—otherwise styled 'At Homes' of the most celebrated 'Bas Bleus.' Fashion in some of these parties is quite a secondary object. Both men and women affect a certain carelessness and indifference about dress, and I remember having one morning met, in the library of a man of great learning, a distinguished authoress whom I had mistaken on entering the room for the cook or 'femme de charge' of my friend. Imagine my confusion on being called back by the latter to be taken by the hand and formally introduced to Madame de . . . , who immediately brightened up and received me with flattering expressions of interest in my case and adventurous career, of which she had heard much from my kind host. She then gave me proof of her extraordinary power of conversation upon a variety of interesting topics, literary and political, dilating upon each with much elegance and taste.

"In the 'At Homes' to which I have alluded a young man feared not to appear in morning dress. Conversation there turned upon learned subjects, upon the merits of ancient and modern authors, upon the success and fall of rivals in literature. The most violent discussions often arose; and you might hear *young* and *old* women, speaking loudly and with acerbity and bitterness upon matters which we think ought only to have been discussed by men.

"Among the latter were generally the ablest writers of the time, editors of the leading journals and periodicals, critics, poets, historians, dramatists, philosophers, chemists, astronomers, &c., &c. These are glances at French life and society, as they appeared to me during my last residence in Paris before the Revolution of 1848."

* * * * *

Stirling had five sons and one daughter, who in the palmy days of her youth married one proving himself no mean advocate for his father-in-law, when slander and disdain took the place of adulation and flattery. His eldest son, Alexander, allied himself with a county family, scions of the aristocracy, who persuaded him to take a more resigned view of his father's fallen fortune, and to solace himself in the enjoyment of his own. Charles, the second son, was a powerful and not always wise

abettor of his father's interests, and seems to have rushed on to the war path at times in a manner so impulsive that true friends of Stirling stood aghast. The third son, Eugene, applied himself assiduously to his father's case, working up every scrap of evidence he could gather in, and interviewing people of all nations, castes and status with a zeal which has never through a protracted life been abandoned. Donald excelled in mechanics and the arts. Some of his poems appeared under the pseudonym of Rednaxela, being his surname reversed. He also composed the libretto of several operettas, "*Ruy Blas*," &c. He died in London many years ago. One of the models constructed by him—a three-decker built, planked and rigged to scale—was the admiration of the Liverpool public for a week or more, when it was gratuitously exhibited by the members of the news room (about 1856). Hamilton, the flower of the flock, young, ardent, elegant in manner, graceful in person, and "*bravest of the brave*," gladdened his father's heart in prosperity and exile. He was a fluent linguist, a delightful companion, and a firm friend. Filial affection kept him at his father's side till the stirring events of the country of his adoption shewed him clearly the path of duty, which he followed unswervingly in the dark and lurid days of 1848. He volunteered for the service of suppressing the Red Republicans. Within two days or so, the Colonel of his Battalion, as we have often heard it described by his survivors—seeing a house teeming with rebels called in a loud voice "*J'ai besoin d'un homme de bonne volonté*." Hamilton at once stepped forward! "*Monsieur, Je suis à vous*," said he. The Colonel smiled: "*I had my eye on you my child at the time. Take as many men with you as will follow and clear that house.*"

He did it! No braver act was recorded of those dread days than the deed of valour performed by Hamilton Alexander, who could have reached to any post of honour had he continued his career in the French army. In spite of the most urgent entreaties by his superiors he was fain to abandon the field of glory and abide by his aged parent, whose troubles increased with increasing years, and who was shortly to need his help in a land yet more distant. Hamilton died a few years after from the effects of a tempestuous sea voyage.

It may well be imagined that the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848 had to Stirling, as a citizen of Paris (fearful of a repetition of the Red Republic), a deep and anxious interest, but we can picture his apprehensions when, hour after hour, day and night, with cannon, musketry, booming in his ears and soldiers at his very door, he was

oppressed with the knowledge that his beloved son was in the thick of the fray.

"I need not expatiate on the occurrences of the Revolution, which have been fully described by newspapers and historical writers; but there were some few events which came more immediately under our observation. For instance, on the last day of fighting we were called to our front windows by cries and shouts, with the loud tramp of horses. It was the moment of Louis Philippe's flight from Paris, and we soon could perceive a carriage (plain brown or black in colour) containing the King and Queen advancing along the Quai de la Conférence surrounded by a crowd of well mounted horsemen. These were National guards, cuisassiers, and friends—it was said—of the King galloping furiously by the side. One military looking man on a fine powerful horse preceded the cavalcade. He too was believed to be a disguised adherent to the Royal family, but affected an opposite character, and in a loud voice proclaimed the people's victory, waving at the same time a handkerchief and shouting as he approached and passed our windows, 'Le peuple a gagné! Le peuple a gagné!!' till we lost sight of him and the whole procession. All the horsemen were armed to the teeth, but no attempt was made, that we could perceive, to impede their progress. We afterwards heard that Louis Philippe and his queen, who had left Paris between one and two in the afternoon, arrived safely at eleven o'clock in the evening at the Chateau de Dreux, almost penniless, the small sum they had brought with them being exhausted during the journey. It was said that they slept in the Chateau and next morning obtained a fresh supply of money from a faithful adherent, sufficient to defray all expenses of the remaining journey to the coast and passage across the channel to England. I believe they were joined at Dreux by two of the Princes.

"During the three days of the fighting my bold and enterprising youngest son kept us almost hourly informed of what was passing in the city.

"Friday, the 25th of February, which properly speaking was the first day of the Republic, was, of course, a day of great excitement; but to our extreme surprise, perfectly peaceful; and though the streets and avenues of the capital were thronged by immense multitudes, and it was easy to perceive in the hearing and looks of the recent combatants that they were flushed with the great victory they had achieved, yet there was not the slightest tendency to disorder in the quarters we perambulated. We had not been insulted or in any way molested while the struggle for liberty was

going on, and now I was struck with the moderation of the people after the vital object had been attained. There was a noble determination to maintain order and prevent the plunder of defenceless citizens by thieves and mauraders. Summary punishments awaited the mis-deeds of the malefactors who, when taken in the act of any crime, were tried by the bystanders and shot without further ceremony.

"Nothing could be more admirable than the deportment of the National Guard, everywhere characterized by the utmost civility, as was also that of all respectable armed citizens who had joined in the struggle and now assisted in preserving peace and order in the great metropolis. My son, Hamilton, was one of the first to tender his services as a volunteer to the National Guard.

"Some time in the spring (I think it was in April) rumours of an intended rising of the extreme Republican party—men professing the views and opinions of the Republican faction of 1793-4—to effect the overthrow of the Provisional Government were spread in Paris. At length they were so far credited by the latter as to occasion the hasty summons of a large additional military force from the neighbouring forts and towns to join the garrison and National Guards in the Capital. The alarm must have been serious, for, independently of the troops entering Paris at other points, we found early in the morning our quays, extending one way from the Place de la Concorde to the Barrière de Passy, or nearly a mile and a half within the view from our windows, completely covered by the different regiments and a strong artillery force which had arrived during the night.

"It was one of the finest sights I ever beheld in my chequered life. I had witnessed from the ramparts of Verdun, when a prisoner there, the passage of two or three hundred thousand men on their way to attack Austria in 1805—had seen immense armies reviewed by Napoleon the First in the Champ de Mars and on the plain of Grenelle—had also seen large portions of the allied armies enter Paris in 1814, and vast masses of the 350,000 men of the same foreign army which traversed the Capital in pursuit of Napoleon's troops; yet those splendid spectacles were all seen from some distant point of view: I had never before seen a compact force of 110,000 French soldiers (covering an uninterrupted and wide space of quays) such as was assembled beneath the windows and stretching right and left to the points before mentioned.

"The morning was bitterly cold, and as the soldiers had piled their arms and were permitted by their officers to stand

easy for some time, a few men entered houses adjoining ours and asked leave to warm themselves. Our door-bell soon rang and a good-looking Sergeant-Major appeared asking, with that winning civility and politeness which distinguish most Frenchmen, permission to warm himself at our stove. I welcomed him cordially, and was as pleased with his conversation as with his manner and personal appearance.

"He remained in our little dining room about 10 minutes, and spoke very sensibly of passing events and the scenes he had witnessed during the ten or twelve years he had served his country. It was from him I learnt the fact that the number of troops, including twelve or fifteen pieces of artillery, was 110,000 upon the quays between the *Barrière de Passy* and the *Place de la Concorde*.

"I walked out that day and stopped two or three times to converse with officers of the National Guard, who assured me that the presence of so large a military force, and the general attitude of the guard and their friends of the regular army, would render any rising of the red republicans impossible. So it proved, for the day closed without the slightest disturbance. The perturbators of the public peace laid by for a more favourable opportunity in June.

"At length the dreadful sanguinary days of June arrived. Never shall I forget the excitement of that time, in which we participated as warmly as did our French friends and acquaintances, for as almost all the families whose houses we frequented had some near relation or connexion engaged in the bloody conflict, so had we our brave youngest son, who had risen from grade to grade during the most trying scenes of military daring.

"The roar of cannon and the distant firing of musketry, the frequent passing of small parties of soldiers or National Guards, bearing on litters either wounded men or dead bodies to the residences of their families, drew our anxious attention as the hours glided away. Our feelings and anxiety were intense during this sanguinary struggle, especially when evening closed without my dear son reappearing, as was twice the case. Scattered bodies of insurgents began to approach our quarter, which had hitherto been considered too far away from the scenes of blood and battle to be in danger, *unless* the reds got the upper hand. I think it was on the third day that I saw some dark masses of men cross the Suspension Bridge, and first set fire to the Toll Houses, which blazed up furiously; then a sharp firing of musketry, about five hundred yards from our house, shewed me that the Guard House itself—facing the bridge—was attacked. I saw the fight which ensued—the rush of one party on the

other—the rapid exchange of shots between the combatants, the struggle on the quay hand to hand for a few minutes. But only for a few minutes, as apparently succour to the attacked guard arrived from another post in the Champs Elséés, and a general scamper of the hostile party of Reds from the bridge ensued.

“We were thus relieved from our fears of insurgent visitors in our houses, and began to see some of our neighbours come forth; then, moved by curiosity—we ran to the Guard House.

“The following day (the 4th) Hamilton, my soldier son, with two of his friends, arrived from the battle fields. Their graphical accounts of the scenes they had just left, while they announced the triumph of the defenders of justice and order over their bloodthirsty foes, did not fail to shock and thrill our hearts at such pictures of a cruel civil war.

“My son had undergone such fatigue that—strong as he was, and supported by an almost supernatural energy of character—he still could not hide the effects of 30 hours of unceasing exertion. He had passed the preceding night, after all the stirring movements of battle, with some of his companions in arms, stretched upon straw in one of the interior Courts of the Prefecture of Police—no other place being free for their occupation. They had escorted a large body of captured insurgents to the prisons of the Prefecture; and they were detained about the prison building to assist, in case of need, the regular guard stationed there. No wonder then that our poor Hamilton looked haggard and exhausted.

“Before this eventful day closed a woeful sight was presented to our view. Cries of ‘*Fermez vos portes et fenêtres*’ were heard from rough stentorian voices; followed by the loud tramp of horses and the measured steps of a large body of men, which produced a dull rustling sound upon the paved road, and made us run to our front rooms. No sooner were we seen by the advance guards of the prisoners (for such they proved to be) than twenty muskets at least were pointed at us and the officers shouted ‘*Retirez vous de suite!*’ Hamilton came running into the room, and, quick as lightning, pulled to the ‘*Persiennes*’ (Venetian shutters) before the main body of insurgents came opposite to our house. He then explained that in some quarters of the Capital pistols had been fired by confederates upon the guards.

“By my son’s arrangement we were able to see all without being seen from outside. It was truly painful and shocking to behold about 600 men by two’s and three’s,

fastened together, I believe by a strong chain or rope, and their hands tied behind their backs, marching between files of regular troops to their destined prison in the vaults of the Ecole Militaire, Champ de Mars. More ferocious, hideous faces than these insurgents presented I have never before seen; and the villainous expression of their features was heightened by their torn clothing, haggard looks, blackened noses, cheeks, and mouths from holding and biting cartridges during the fight, as also long exposure to the weather and dirt, plenteously scattered in the dens of their associates or behind the barricades. I heard that all the wretches we had seen pass by our house were, during the night, summarily tried by Court Martial, found guilty, and shot on the '*Plaine de Grenelle*.'"

* * * * *

Thus ended the French Revolution of 1848, followed by the election of Cavaignac to the presidency, the restoration of order, and the appearance in the assembly of Louis Napoleon, his elevation to Consul, and secret preparation for the final Coup d'état.

Lord Stirling witnessed the unrolling of the civic and political programme in France with marked interest; but to his own affairs he devoted untiring energy. Speculators and impromptu agents were not awanting to aid him with plausible advice and reckless propositions. They were, however, shrewd and grasping in their terms, unstable in their actions, and doubtful in repute. Their sanguine and nebulous schemes involved Stirling in toils too subtle and overwhelming for his guileless spirit to unravel. A failure on their part to comply with their engagements enabled his true friends to step in and sever the tie which bound him to them.

The harm done was, however, irretrievable. Police agents entered the office of a company which the speculators had hastily incorporated, and found indubitable evidence of fraud on their part. Some random ingenuous letters of Stirling's, concerning grants of land in Canada, etc., unfortunately inculpated him in the opinion of the police, to the extent at least of his having been in communication with those accused, and thenceforward he enjoyed no peace. His servants were tampered with and his sons shadowed in their egress and ingress. His very friends were poisoned against him by the vilest insinuations, and finally he discovered that, under the guise of an intimate friend, a spy had ingratiated himself into his very home circle, and had made provision for the seizure of his goods, together with all the documents on which he based his claims to a Dominion.

There was one, however, who for more than a generation had loved Stirling with the affection of a brother, De Guernon, noble in name and tradition, son of the commander of that reserve which in 1814 had emerged from Versailles as a Forlorn Hope to repel the allies, and save the power of Napoleon the Great. The life-long tie had commenced when de Guernon and his father—braving the chances of denunciation—had connived at the evasion of Napoleon's last rancorous decree of banishment in order to restore Stirling (at that time their guest) to the arms of his distressed wife—threatened by turbulent Sans-culottes on the one hand and the wild incoming hordes of Cossacks on the other.

The Count de Guernon remained loyal to his friend in 1851 as he had formerly befriended him in 1814. He threatened with summary punishment one polished emissary professing to come from the British Embassy, who visited him with the sole object of calumniating his friend. He unravelled as much of the hostile plots as would enable Stirling to confound his traducers; and at length found means to enable him to escape from a country in which theretofore he had experienced nothing but kindness and hospitality.

The offending spy—private agent of the Prefect of Police—was named Dégron, who, according to secret information furnished to Stirling, had offered for a consideration “first to incarcerate, and then to assassinate him.” This charge against an ostensible agent of the French police Stirling subsequently embodied in a full letter to Lord Aberdeen (dated 17th January, 1853) which dealt in much detail with the events we are endeavouring to cull from his journals. Suffice it to say that he contrived to smuggle his son Charles away with all his documents to the United States. Charles Alexander evaded the gang of spies, with Dégron at their head, and preceded his father by some months.

The departure of Stirling himself was accelerated by a curious and thrilling disclosure made to him by an aged priest who, in the dusk of the evening, informed him that he had received, “in confession,” information that on proceeding to an appointment on the following evening Stirling was to be surrounded and gagged. His informant, whose status and bona fides were unquestionable, shed tears as he urged him to keep no appointments whatever. This solemn warning was corroborated by another friend in whom Stirling placed implicit trust and—here we quote his own words:

“I left Paris on the very eve of the day fixed for the execution of the coup de main. By a resource and by means

with which even the police were unacquainted, I succeeded in leaving Paris on the 9th of April, 1851, and arrived safely in London on the evening of the 10th. This departure was effected without disguise or passport, but under proper protection."

How this escape was effected we have in vain endeavoured to ascertain from Lord Stirling's only surviving son, and doubtless the stirring incident will ever remain a mystery. The next day Dégron and his myrmidons surrounded the house and found that the bird had flown.

CONCLUSION.

The novelist is usually depicted as wracking his brains to find strange coincidences, thrilling scenes, and hair-breadth escapes in all of which his hero plays the prominent part. The life of the last Earl of Stirling abounds in such incidents, and we may truthfully say that for the sake of brevity far more inexplicable detail has been omitted than we have inserted. We cannot, however, forbear from touching upon the fact that the scattered fragments of the Alexanders ran fiction very close. The three vessels which conveyed the remnants of the family to America were all subsequently wrecked or lost at sea, namely, the "Humbolt," the "Franklin," and the "Pacific."

On arrival in the United States Stirling found himself confronted by an adverse article in *Blackwood* (v. 69, fol 60 et seq :) which, though adhering ostensibly to fact, contained nevertheless an undoubted bias against him and his claims. Some of the foremost American lawyers, however, on looking into the case, noted the fact that the endorsement on the family papers (stolen from Digbith House and anonymously returned) was genuine and so pronounced by the Jury. Moreover that the documents contained in that packet were *not* forged, and that the words "*Some of my wife's family papers*" were really in the handwriting they professed to be, as sworn to by the aged family solicitor (v. *Townsend's State Trials* 1, 468).

On these grounds well known professional men in the United States took up the case, and a sudden and violent sensation was created throughout the land. A great effort was made even by Statesmen to obtain the Stirling fishery rights and work them as a political lever against Great Britain. Volumes were written and published giving complete answers to *every accusation* in the Courts of Edinburgh; all the American newspapers were filled with the romantic history and vicissitudes of such a chequered career.

The aged Earl, feeling his life to be on the wane, reduced his establishment to an unpretentious dwelling in Washington, where, surrounded by those near and dear to him, he gradually sank under the weight of years and blighted hopes.

An unswerving belief in his earthly rights, an enduring consolation in the religious belief of his fathers, and a placid resignation to the decrees of Divine Providence were his final preparation for the rending veil through which, on the eve of the great American Civil war, he passed from the ephemeral enjoyment of an earthly Coronet to the possession of a crown of Everlasting Glory.

THE END.

LIST OF THE ENGLISH
DETAIN'D AT VERDUN BY ORDER OF THE
FRENCH GOVERNMENT,
AND OF THE PRISONERS OF WAR

taken and sent there since the commencement of hostilities in
May, 1803.

The Most Noble, the Marquis of Tweeddale.

A Scotch Nobleman and one of the 16 Peers elected to represent the Scots Peerage in the House of Lords. He died at Verdun a few months after his arrival, on the 8th of August, 1804, aged 46, in consequence of a violent attack of the Cholera Morbus. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his Son, the Earl of Gifford, now at school in England. (Seat, Yester Hall, Haddingtonshire.)

The Right Honble. Francis Earl of Yarmouth.

Son of the Marquis of Hertford and M.P. for the Borough of Lisburne in Ireland.

The Right Honble. Lord Blayney.

An Irish Peer and a General in the Army.

The Honble. John Abercrombie.

A Major General, Son of Baroness Abercrombie and Colonel of the 53rd Regiment of foot.

The Honble. John Blaquiere.

Son of Lord Blaquiere.

The Honble. Charles Tufton, The Honble. Henry Tufton.

Brothers of the Earl of Thanet.

The Honble. Gustavus Hamilton.

Son of Lord Viscount Boyne.

The Honble. Sampson Eardley.

Son of Lord Eardley.

The Honble. Robert Annesley, The Honble. Arthur Annesley.

Sons of Earl Annesley.

The Honble. Coulson Wallop.

Brother of the Earl of Portsmouth.

The Honble. Percy.

Son of the Earl of Beverly. He obtain'd permission to go to Geneva where his Father is detain'd.

The Honble. Wm. Walpole.

A Master and Commander in the Royal Navy. Son of Lord Walpole and Grandson of the Earl of Oxford.

Sir John Morshead, Bart.

An English Baronet and Surveyor General to the Prince of Wales in the Duchy of Cornwall. (Seat, Trenant Park, Cornwall.)

Sir Thomas Clavering, Bart.

An English Baronet. (Seat, Axwell, Durham.)

Sir James Michael De Bathe, Bart.

An English Baronet. (Seat, Knightstown, Meath, Ireland.)

The two last Gentlemen have had permission to leave Verdun, and one of them is at Paris, and the other in the South of France.

Sir William Henry Cooper, Bart.

A Baronet of Nova Scotia. (Seat, Wortlington, Suffolk.)

Sir Thomas Wallace-Dunlop, Bart.

A Scotch Baronet. (Seat, Craigie, Scotland.)

Sir Edward Barry, Bart.

An Irish Baronet. (House, at Dublin).

Sir Beaumont Dixie, Bart.

An English Baronet.

Sir John Coghill, Bart.

An English Baronet. (Seat, Coghill, Yorkshire).

Sir Michael Cromie, Bart.

An Irish Baronet. (Seat, Stracumine, Co. Kildare.)

OFFICERS IN THE ARMY.

MAJOR GENERALS.

William Scott.

Honble. John Abercrombie.

A Major General, Son of Baroness Abercrombie and Colonel of the 53rd Regiment of foot.

COLONELS.

Edward Stack.

At present at Bitche. He has been lately raised to the rank of Brigadier General.

Henry de Berniere, 9th Regiment of foot.

LIEUTENANT COLONELS.

William Tyndale, 1st Regiment of Life Guards.

Molesworth Philips, Marines (return'd to England).

Edmund Reilly Cope, sent to Valenciennes.

John Williams. Hugh Swayne.

Honble Arthur Annesley (see 1st page).

John Macleod, obtained permission to go to Bordeaux.

George Pine, in the service of the East India Company.

Gage John Hall Callandar, 9th Regiment of foot.

MAJORS.

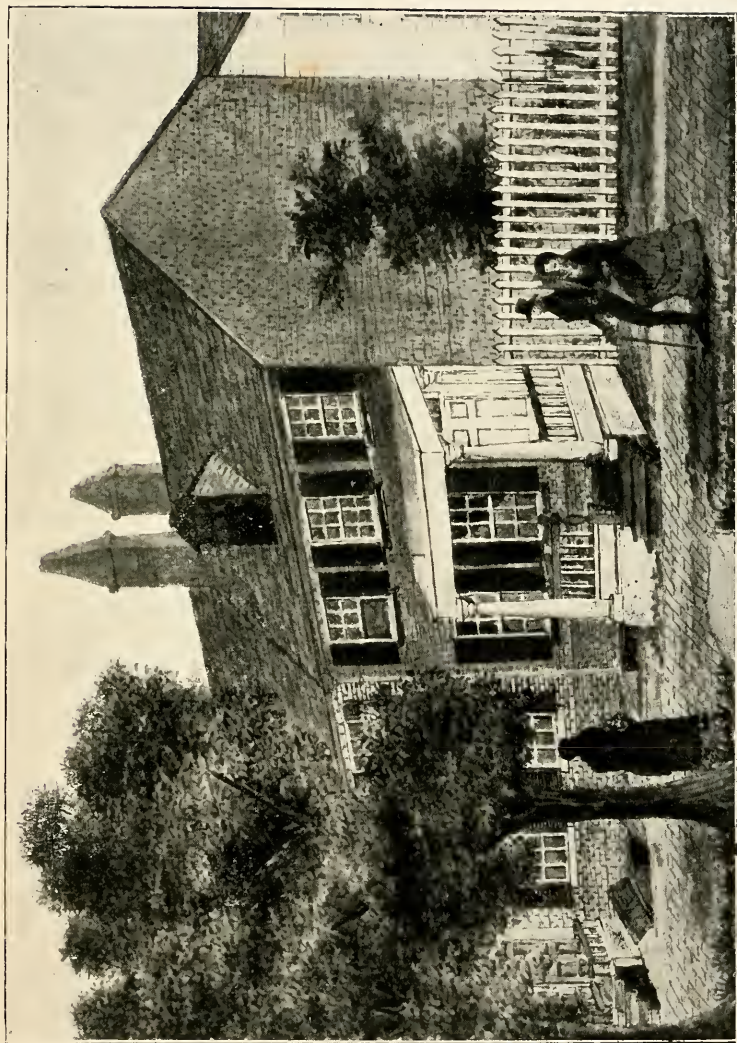
William Ramsay. Henry Vennell. Francis Burke.
Alexander Sharpe, 49th Regiment of foot.
Maximilian Louis D'Yvoy.
Duff, obtain'd permission to reside at Nancy.
Hugh Falconar, 71st Regiment.
Strickland Kingston, in the service of the East India Compy.

CAPTAINS.

William Carey.
He was sent to Bitche, where, a short time after his arrival,
he fell out of his chamber window, feet from the ground
and was kill'd on the spot.
William Coombe, Marines.
Chatham, sent to Valenciennes.
Ebrington.
George Ebrington, 37th Regiment, sent to Valenciennes.
Garnham, in the service of the East India Company.
Jones, Marines.
Isaac MacTagart, sent to Valenciennes.
Benjamin Roche.
Mathew Ryan, 85th Regiment, sent to Valenciennes.
Richardson, retired, sent to Bitche.
William Bannathyne, retired, sent to Bitche.
George Wilbraham, gone to Paris.
Isaac Wilmot, retired, sent to Valenciennes.
Stanser. Sankey. Congreve, Son of General Congreve.
Hawker, 30th Regiment.
Roberts, 30th Regiment, Son of General Roberts.
Lambert, 9th Regiment. Orchard, 9th Regiment.
Sargent, 9th Regiment.

LIEUTENANTS AND ENSIGNS.

George Augustus Bell, Marines.
Bowles, 10th Dragoons, or Prince of Wales Regiment.
H. Spiner Cranford, 20th Regiment of foot.
Marceloff. Thomas Prater, Marines.
Robert Phillips, Marines. Yol Scott.
Alexr. Eckford, Marines. Alexander, Marines. Cockburn.
Sutton, 9th Regiment of foot.
Sullivan, 30th Regiment of foot.



HOUSE IN 11th STREET, WASHINGTON, U.S. Home of Lord Stirling while in Exile.
Facsimile from his own sketch.



OFFICERS IN THE NAVY

CAPTAINS.

Edward Leveson Gower.

Member of Parliament for Truro, in Cornwall. Cousin of the Marquis of Stafford and Nephew of Lord Viscount Falmouth. Commander of the Shannon frigate when taken prisoner.

Jahel Brenton.

Commanded the Minerva frigate when it ran aground at Cherbourg in June, 1803.

Simon Miller. Lyall

Daniel Woodriff.

Commanded the Calcutta of 50 guns when taken by the Rochefort Squadron.

MASTERS AND COMMANDERS.

Henry Gordon. Edward Dillon. Honble. Walpole.

LIEUTENANTS.

John Fennell, 1st Lieutenant of the Minerva when taken.

William Fitzgerald,

2nd Lieutenant of the Minerva when taken. (Died at Verdun.)

John Lambert, 1st Lieutenant of the Shannon.

Edward Barker.

Douglas,

2nd Lieutenant of the Shannon, Son of Admiral Douglas.

Antony Dodsworth. George Greatrix. Henry Gooch.

Hawkey. John Hankey. Charles Stafford, Midshipman.

David Howell.

Sutwidge, Nephew of Admiral Sutwidge.

John Mackenzie. Masson. Robert Marsden.

Lewis Nanny, sent to Valenciennes.

Lewis Noel. Thomas Prescott.

Charles Shaw, Son of Sir John G. Shaw, Bart.

Abel Wantner Thomas. Temple.

Yeo, exchanged (now a Master and Commander).

Robert Barran Cooban. T. S. Hall. Beranne.

James Wallace. Miles. Dalyell. Kerr. Donaldson.

Tuckey. Collas. Robert Thorley. Donovan.

MIDSHIPMEN.

William Allen. Edward Boys. John Barclay.
Robert Blakeney, Son of General Blakeney.
Frank Cutler. Thomas Cecil. Charles Dandison.
Edwards. Thomas Fland. George Fitzgerald.
William Gilpin. Robert Herige. Knipp. Frank Little.
John Murray. Francis Maxwell. John Moore.
Kurch Neatherby. John Nelson.
Evan Nepean, Nephew of Sir Evan Nepean, Bart.
Nicholl.
John Pearson, Son of Sir Richard Pearson, Knt.
Samuel Robinson. Edward Temple. Wright.
Robert Sutton, Son of Admiral Sutton.
Hare. Charles Spencer Stukely. Samuel Mottley.
Allen. Weimer. Hopkinson.

GENTLEMEN living upon their fortune, or of no particular profession :

Henry Wareing, Knox, Esq.,
formerly a Member of the Irish Parliament.
Nicholls, L.L.D.,
formerly a Member of Parliament (obtain'd leave to reside at Lyons).
Nicholls, his Son.
Charles Sturt, formerly Member of Parliament for Bridport.
Charles Ellis, formerly a Member of Parliament.
Richard James Laurence.
Chevalier Laurence, his Son, a Knight of Malta.
Rowland Otto-Bayer (deceased at Verdun, 1805).
George Goodman. George Fitzgerald.
Alexander Don, Son of Sir Alexander Don, Bart.
Stephen Dendy. Maude.
Darrell, obtain'd leave to reside at Valenciennes.
Richard Estwick.
Lovell Edgeworth,
Brother of Miss Maria Edgeworth, author of several novels.
Nathaniel Garland.
Stephen May,
Son of Edward May, Esq., M.P. for Belfast, and Brother-in-law of the Marquis of Donegall.

Macarthy.

Joseph Jackson,

Brother of the Clergyman sent to Valenciennes.

Richard Jackson, sent to Valenciennes.

Charles Forbes.

James Forbes, F.R. and A.S.,

obtain'd a passport and return'd England in June, 1804.
(Seat, Stanmore Hill, Middlesex.)

Antony Aufrere, Esq., obtain'd leave to reside at Orleans.

Waller Ruding. Francis Ritso.

Charles Campbell Blagrove, sent the Valenciennes.

Peter Blagrove, Brother of the former, sent to Valenciennes.

Robert Blackmore, sent to Valenciennes,

Adam Brown,

went round the world with Vancouver, sent to Valenciennes.

Edward Clarke, obtain'd leave to reside at Geneva.

James Walker, sent to Valenciennes.

Waller,

formerly a Member of the Irish Parliament, obtain'd leave to
reside in some other part of France.

Charles Throckmorton.

Gifford, sent to Valenciennes.

Benjamin Warwick,

formerly a Merchant in London, sent to Valenciennes.

Thomas Oldham, sent to Valenciennes.

Packington,

Brother of Sir John Packington, Bart. (Died at Verdun,
1804.)

Mackenzie.

Jeremiah Le Souef, sent to Valenciennes.

William Light, escaped. Owens, escaped.

Robert Browne. Edward Boston Clive.

Edward Clive, his Son.

Lucian Concannon. Richard Cusack Kearney.

C. J. Kensington. Thomas Latter.

Valentine Goold, sent to Valenciennes.

Henry John Grant, Esq., Son of Sir Alexr. Grant, Bart.

Fletcher. Charles Fagan.

E. Edwards,

Son of Bryan Edwards, Esq., author of the History of the
West Indies.

Charles Augustus Dale,
 sent to Metz for having tried to escape.
 Henry Wolseley, sent to Valenciennes.
 Watson. Lattine. William Leigh.
 Thomas Cramer, Cousin of Sir John Coghill, Bart.
 George Sibbald, Brother of Sir James Sibbald, Bart.
 Charles Sevrigh.
 William Humphrys, formerly a Merchant.
 Alexander Humphrys.
 John Parry,
 formerly Editor of the Morning Chronicle. (Died at Verdun,
 1805.)
 Payne. John Archibald Stevenson.
 John William Smith, sent to Valenciennes.
 Whaley, sent to Bitche. Ives Hurry.
 Thomas Hollond.
 Edward Hollond, so kind to A. Humphrys in Paris in 1812.
 William Henry Hazelfoot. [(Ed.)
 Lynch,
 obtain'd permission to reside in some other part of France.
 Walter Boyd,
 formerly a Banker in London, obtain'd leave to reside at Paris.
 James Mattley, sent to Valenciennes.
 Thomas Griet, formerly Commissary of War at Hambourg.
 Cottin, formerly merchant in London, sent to Valenciennes.
 Henry Frederic Carey, sent to Valenciennes.
 Alexander Cockburn, Esq.,
 Consul General in the Hans-towns, and Son of Sir James
 Cockburn, Bart. (Returned to England.)
 William Hautenville, sent to Valenciennes.
 Chambers, sent to Valenciennes.
 Peter Colombine, sent to Valenciennes.
 Beamish, obtain'd leave to reside at Paris.
 James Anderson, formerly Captain of an Indiaman.
 John Gerrard, formerly Captain of an Indiaman.
 Silvester Devenish, sent to Valenciennes.
 Harry Mount.
 Nicholas Archdale Cope, obtained leave to reside at Paris.
 George Jennings, sent to Valenciennes.
 Philip C. Crespigny. Palmer. Stephen Wilson.

Robert Wilson. Timothy Smith. Richard Galliers.

Joseph Forsyth,

A very learned and celebrated writer on the Antiquities,
Arts and Architecture of Italy.

Inhumanly ordered to return to Verdun, where he died. He
had collected a special library in Paris and was about to complete a great work on Art. He afterwards died at Verdun. (Ed.)

PHYSICIANS.

Gray. John Jackson.

William May, sent to Bitche.

Samuel Cleverly, sent to Valenciennes.

John Morgan,

obtain'd leave to reside in some other part of France.

Clarke, sent to Metz for having attempted to escape.

John Bunnell Davis. William Lloyd.

Farrel Mulvey, sent to Metz for having attempted to escape.

Alexander Crigan, Son of the Bishop of Sodor and Man.

Charles Taylor, sent to Valenciennes.

Allen. Baird. Graham.

SURGEONS.

Francis Gold, sent to Valenciennes.

John Synge Blount, obtain'd leave to reside at Paris.

Samuel Duke,

Surgeon to the Westminster New Lying-in Hospital.

Lawmont.

Robert Gordon, Assistant Surgeon of the Minerva frigate.

Lander, poisoned himself at Verdun, 1805.

John Bell, Surgeon of the Shannon frigate.

George Street, sent to Valenciennes.

Johnson, Surgeon to the 9th Regiment.

LAWYERS.

Defray Christie, sent to Bitche for having attempted to escape.

Cooper. Charles De Jersay.

BANKERS, MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS.

Samuel Blaxland. William Dalton. Thomas Philips.

Hanbury. Thomas Limprierre. Robert Wigney.

Briliffe Farthing. Hards.

CLERGYMEN.

Rev. Robert Barber Wolfe,
Chaplain to the English Prisoners of War.
Rev. William White,
Rector of Lancaster and a Chaplain to H.R.H. The Prince
of Wales.
Rev. Gordon. Rev. Launcelot Charles Lee.
Rev. William Lawson.
Rev. James Edward Jackson, sent to Valenciennes.
Rev. Thomas Barron.

PROFESSORS AND LANGUAGE MASTERS.

Brodie. John Carrol. William Henry Gordon.
Thomas Hutchinson, Italian Master.
William O'Brien, English Master.
Priestley, Nephew of the late Dr. Priestley.
George Smith. Thomas Elde Darby.
Vale, Writing and Drawing Master.

PORTRAIT AND MINIATURE PAINTERS.

John Edmund Halpin. Thomas Murton. Ramsey.

SHOP-KEEPERS, ETC.

James Anderson.
John Amphlett, Traiteur and Pastry Cook.
James Burrows, Boot and Shoemaker.
Daniel Blainslie. John Baulcomb. Arthur Billings.
Robert Brindle. Thomas Cordeux. John Coleman.
Jeremiah Cowel, Print-seller.
Patrick Cockburn. Thomas Dalton. Christopher Fry.
John Gibson. Philip Gruchy. Zachariah Jackson.
Benjamin Levy. Meguire, Hair-cutter and Wig-maker.
John Oakeley, Boot and Shoemaker.
John Payne, jack-of-all-trades.
James Palmer. William Rice. William Stoyles.
John Smith. John Smart, Tea Dealer.
Willoughby Taylor, Traiteur and Pastry Cook.
William Thomas. William Willcocks. Israel Worsley.
Louis Winklemain. Stukey, Tailor. E. Evans.

Preswick,

Murder'd in the woods while attempting to escape, by a
Pedlar who had offered to be his guide.

Daniel Arabin. Williams, Tailor.

MUSICIANS.

William Boyce. Thomas Camberworth.

CAPTAINS of Merchantmen and other small craft.

Robert Allison. George Allen. Simon Abraham.
George Alexander. John Akerman. Charles Burrelle.
Alexander Bonnick. Thomas Bruce. George Boosler.
John Bailly. Philip Deane. John Domisson.
George Dandisson. Joseph Dare.
Edward Duite. William Emerson. Thomas Forrest.
Robert Florster. John Fall. John Geyt. Richard Howard.
Robert Holdby. Charles Halford. James Jolin.
John Jennes. John Johnson. Peter Kirk. Job Le Prevost.
David Le Sulleca. Harvey Langley. Robert Morris.
Richard Morris. John Mears. Joseph Mayers.
William Peacock. Philips. Joseph Peacock. John Page.
John Rowland. Robert Ramage. Richardson.
William Raule. Benjamin Summerland. John Smith.
Samuel Shorten. Sampson. William Stavers.
Samuel Swinkel. William Tapley. John Tait.
Charles Troff. David Terray. George Trider. J. Warner.
Richard Williamson. Isaac Warnet. Robert White.
George Martin Wood. Brown. John Shankley.
Edward Fiott (exchanged).

* * * * *

His Grace John, Duke of Newcastle.

The Right Honble. Algernon, Earl of Beverley.

The Right Honble. Thomas, Earl of Elgin and Kincardin.

The Right Honble. George, Lord Viscount Barrington.

Sir John Coghill, Bart. (Seat, Coghill, Yorkshire.)

Sir James Crawford, Bart. (Seat, Kilburney, Stirlingshire.)

Rev. Sir Herbert Croft, Bart. (Seat, Prittlewell, Essex.)

Sir Thomas Webb, Bart. (Seat, Welford, Northamptonshire.)

Sir Michael Cromie, Bart. (Seat, Stracumine, Co. Kildare.)

Sir Elijah Impey, Knight.

William Coats, Esq., of Bristol.

Charles Coats, Esq., his Son, of Bristol.

Cazenove, Esq., of London.

Cazenove, Esq., his Brother, of London.

Rev. Egerton. Thomas Russell, Esq. Holland, Esq.

Rev. Wickham. Robson, Esq., M.P.

Crawfurd, Esq. Edwards, Esq.

Servants and other persons who cannot be properly ranged under any particular class, not being of any particular profession nor much-known.



